# SUB-MARINER COMICS

NO. 7

FALL ISSUE

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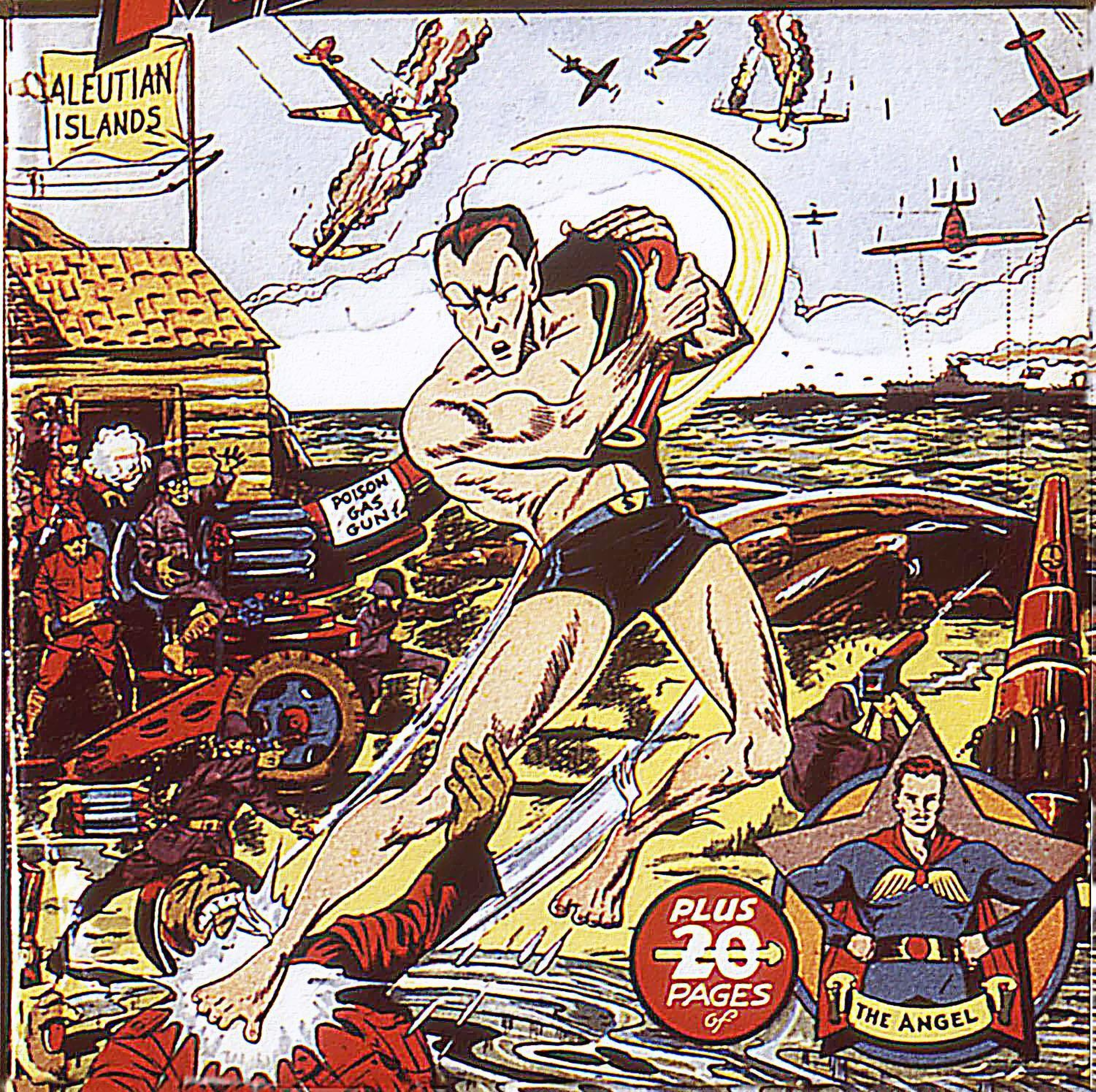
ALEUTIAN ISLANDS
POISON GAS GUN
PLUS 20 PAGES of
THE ANGEL

TWO SMASHING SUCCESSES!
PRESENTING...
HORROR in HOLLYWOOD
NOW ON SALE!
YOUNG ALLIES
THE OWL!
FORWARD, FELLAS -- OUR NEXT DATE IS WITH THE OWL!
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
THE BEST YET!
ALL WINNERS
FOR VICTORY
ON SALE NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
NOW ON SALE!

HEROES ALL!! OUT OF THE PAGES OF THIS GREAT MAGAZINE THEY COME... FIGHTING WITH TERRIBLE, AVENGING FISTS ALL THOSE WHO THREATEN THE RIGHTS OF FREEDOM... STRUGGLING ENDLESSLY TO PRESERVE DEMOCRACY AND END THE GREEDY AND POWER-THIRSTY CAREERS OF THE FIENDS AND MONSTERS OF EVIL WHO DARE OPPOSE THE POWERFUL EFFORTS OF AMERICA'S GREATEST HEROES.....

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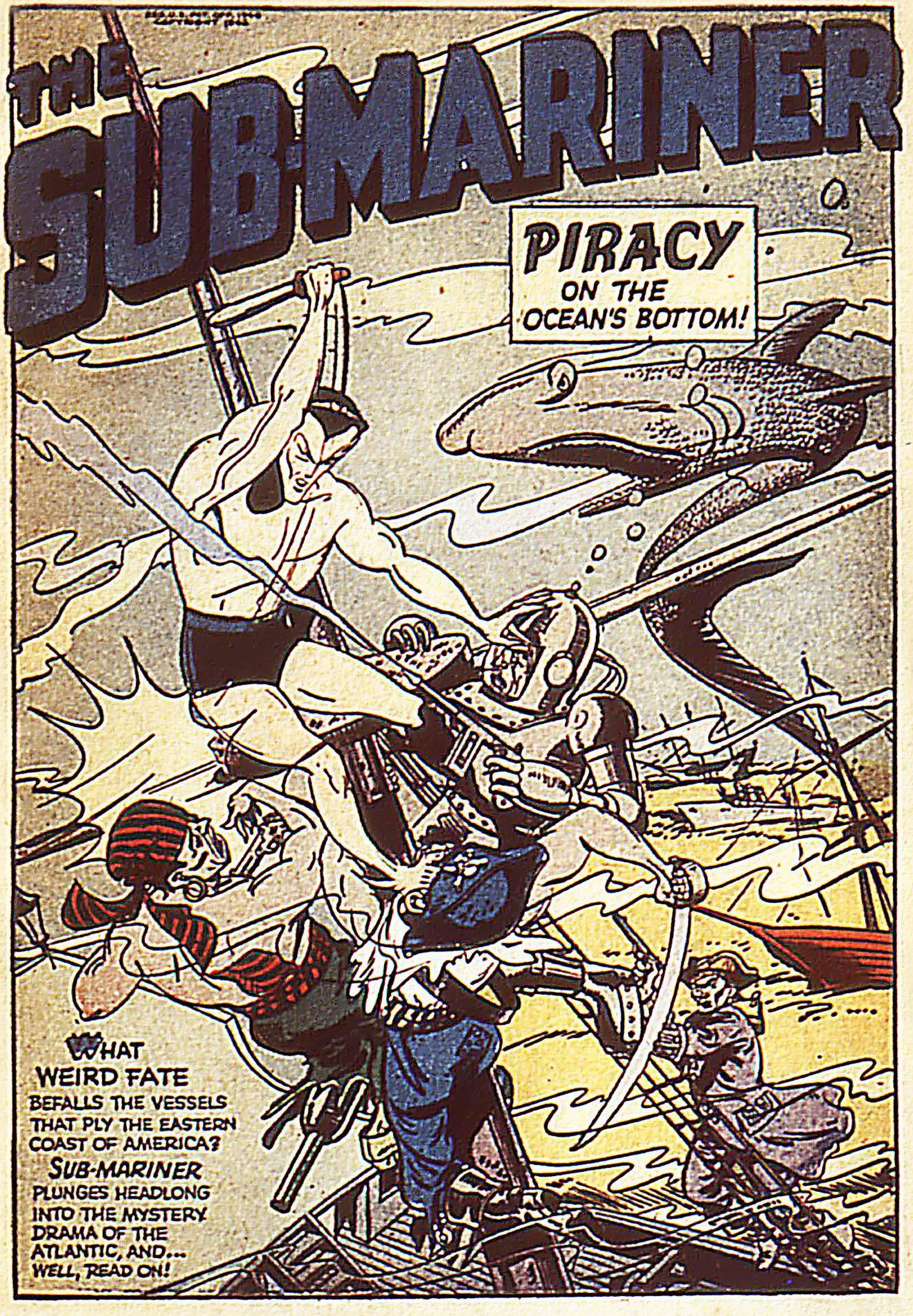
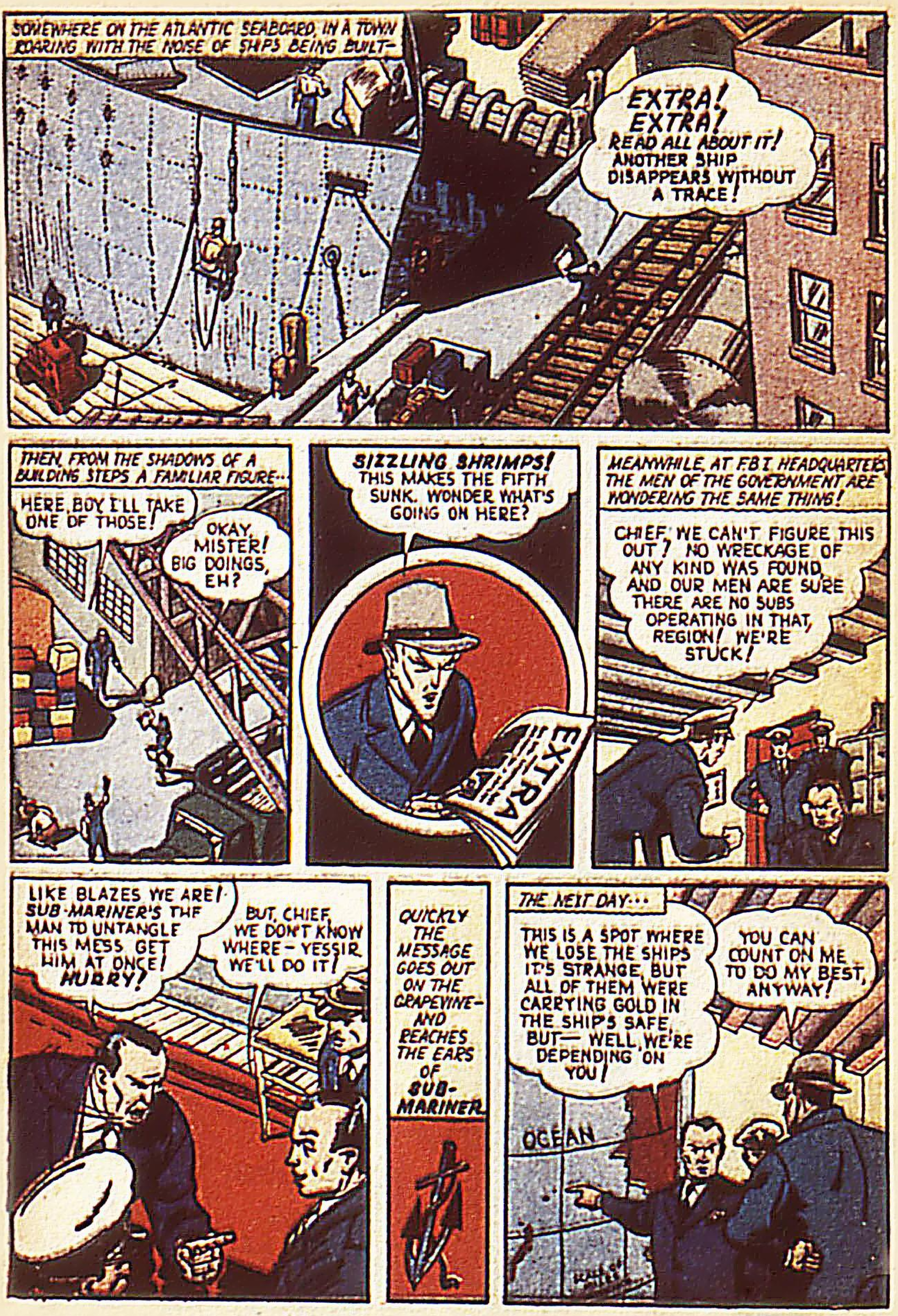
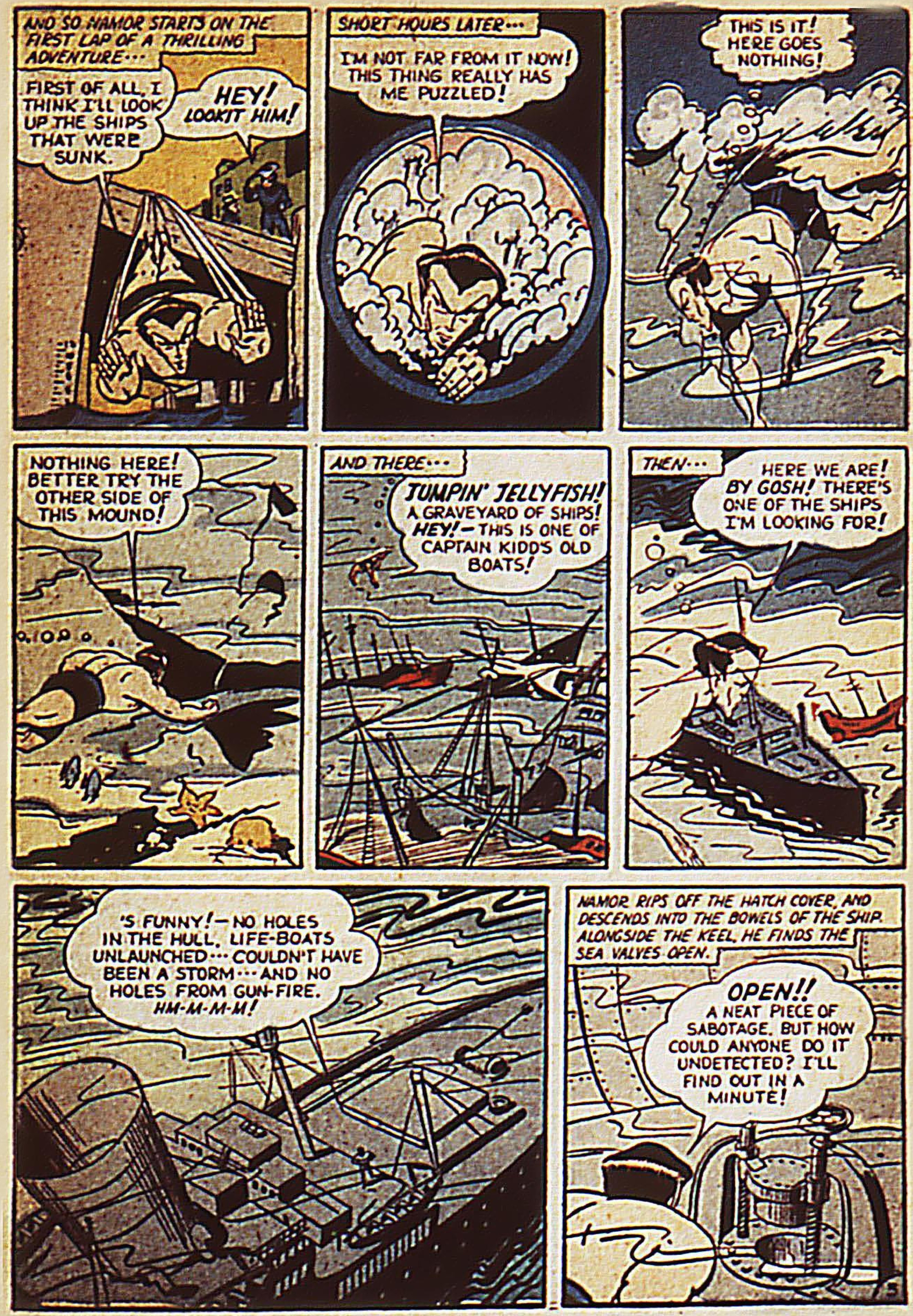
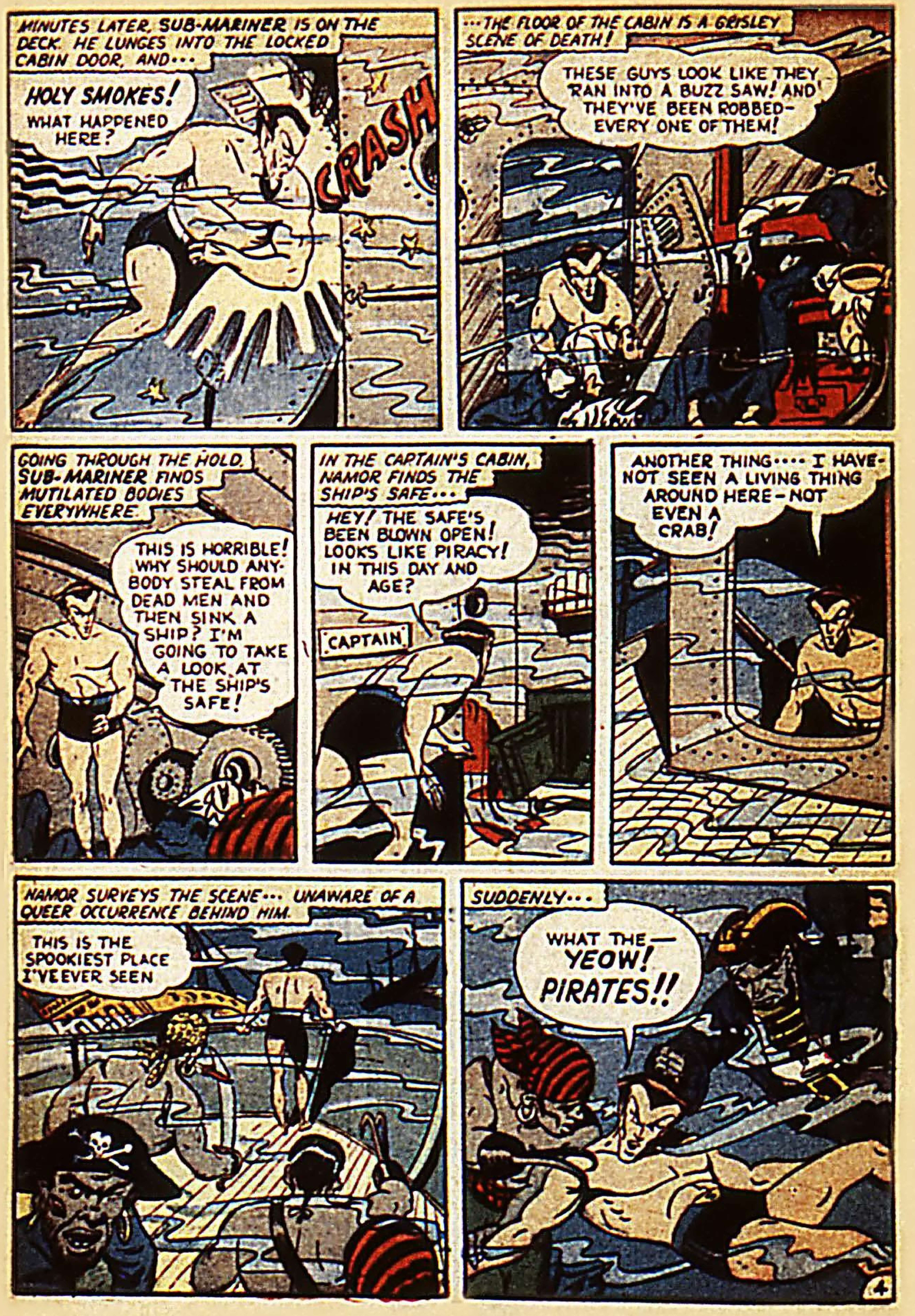
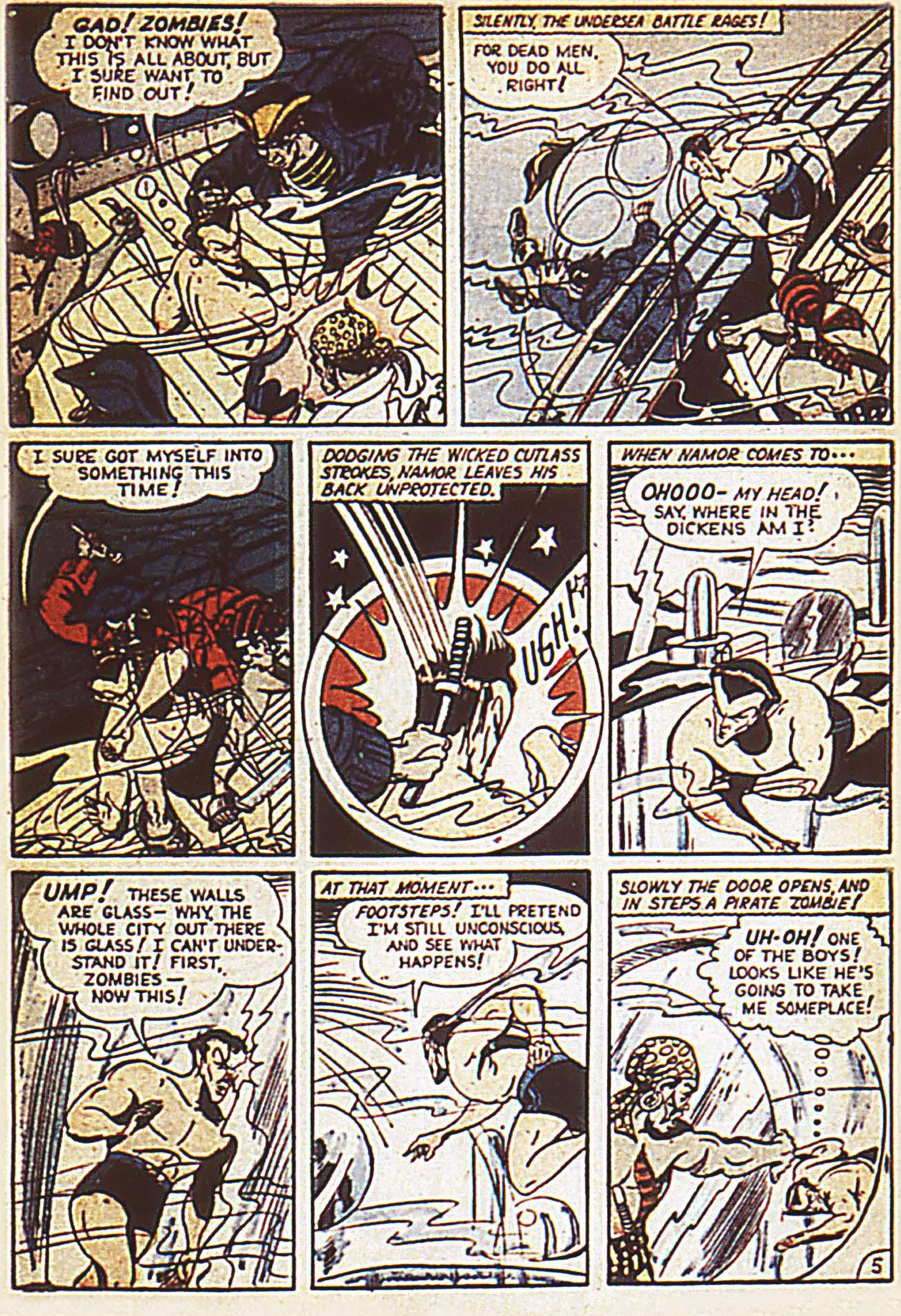
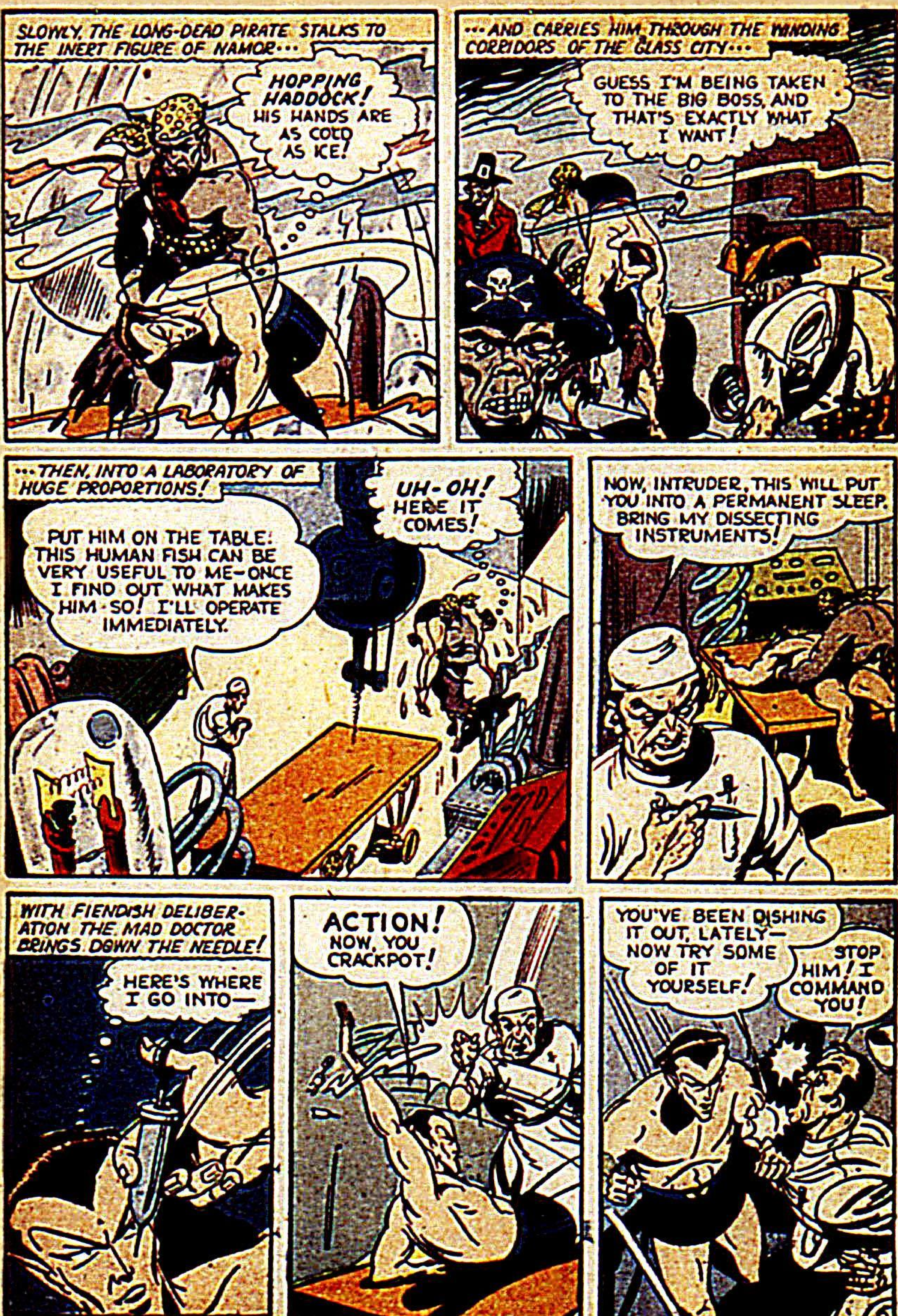

THE SUB-MARINER
PIRACY ON THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM!
WHAT WEIRD FATE BEFALLS THE VESSELS THAT PLY THE EASTERN COAST OF AMERICA? SUB-MARINER PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO THE MYSTERY DRAMA OF THE ATLANTIC, AND... WELL, READ ON!


SOMEWHERE ON THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD, IN A TOWN ROARING WITH THE NOISE OF SHIPS BEING BUILT—
EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! ANOTHER SHIP DISAPPEARS WITHOUT A TRACE!
THEN, FROM THE SHADOWS OF A BUILDING STEPS A FAMILIAR FIGURE...
HERE, BOY I'LL TAKE ONE OF THOSE!
OKAY, MISTER! BIG DOINGS, EH?
SIZZLING SHRIMPS! THIS MAKES THE FIFTH SUNK. WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
EXTRA
MEANWHILE, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS THE MEN OF THE GOVERNMENT ARE WONDERING THE SAME THING!
CHIEF, WE CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT? NO WRECKAGE OF ANY KIND WAS FOUND, AND OUR MEN ARE SURE THERE ARE NO SUBS OPERATING IN THAT, REGION! WE'RE STUCK!
LIKE BLAZES WE ARE! SUB-MARINER'S THE MAN TO UNTANGLE THIS MESS. GET HIM AT ONCE! HURRY!
BUT, CHIEF, WE DON'T KNOW WHERE— YESSIR WE'LL DO IT!
QUICKLY THE MESSAGE GOES OUT ON THE GRAPEVINE— AND REACHES THE EARS OF SUB-MARINER
THE NEXT DAY...
THIS IS A SPOT WHERE WE LOSE THE SHIPS IT'S STRANGE, BUT ALL OF THEM WERE CARRYING GOLD IN THE SHIP'S SAFE. BUT— WELL, WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU!
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO DO MY BEST, ANYWAY!
OCEAN


AND SO NAMOR STARTS ON THE FIRST LAP OF A THRILLING ADVENTURE···
FIRST OF ALL, I THINK I'LL LOOK UP THE SHIPS THAT WERE SUNK.
HEY! LOOKIT HIM!
SHORT HOURS LATER···
I'M NOT FAR FROM IT NOW! THIS THING REALLY HAS ME PUZZLED!
THIS IS IT! HERE GOES NOTHING!
NOTHING HERE! BETTER TRY THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS MOUND!
AND THERE···
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! A GRAVEYARD OF SHIPS! HEY!—THIS IS ONE OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S OLD BOATS!
THEN···
HERE WE ARE! BY GOSH! THERE'S ONE OF THE SHIPS I'M LOOKING FOR!
'S FUNNY!—NO HOLES IN THE HULL, LIFE-BOATS UNLAUNCHED··· COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A STORM··· AND NO HOLES FROM GUN-FIRE. HM-M-M-M!
NAMOR RIPS OFF THE HATCH COVER, AND DESCENDS INTO THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP. ALONGSIDE THE KEEL, HE FINDS THE SEA VALVES OPEN.
OPEN!! A NEAT PIECE OF SABOTAGE. BUT HOW COULD ANYONE DO IT UNDETECTED? I'LL FIND OUT IN A MINUTE!

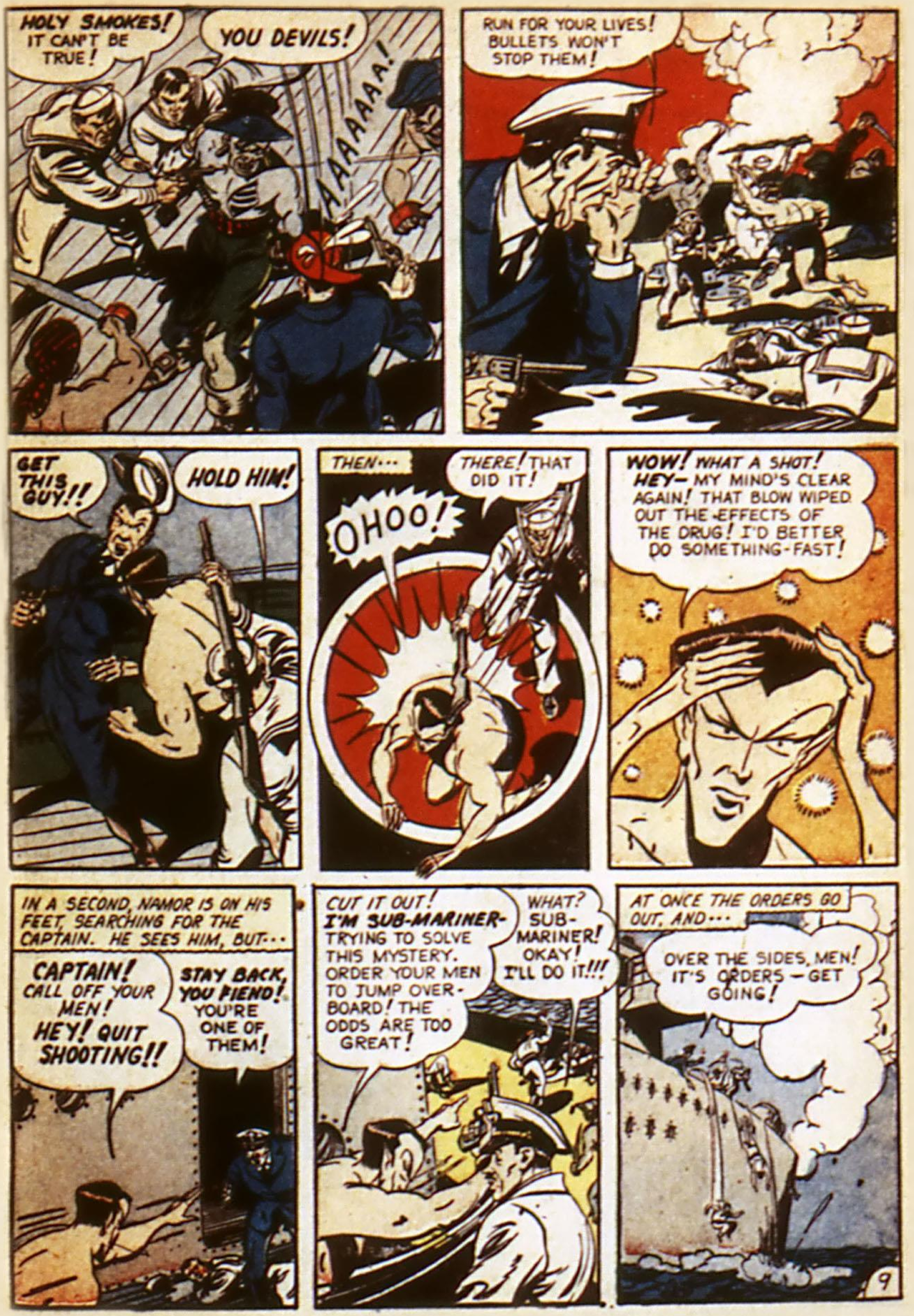

MINUTES LATER, SUB-MARINER IS ON THE DECK. HE LUNGES INTO THE LOCKED CABIN DOOR, AND···
HOLY SMOKES! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
CRASH
...THE FLOOR OF THE CABIN IS A GRISLEY SCENE OF DEATH!
THESE GUYS LOOK LIKE THEY RAN INTO A BUZZ SAW! AND THEY'VE BEEN ROBBED— EVERY ONE OF THEM!
GOING THROUGH THE HOLD, SUB-MARINER FINDS MUTILATED BODIES EVERYWHERE.
THIS IS HORRIBLE! WHY SHOULD ANYBODY STEAL FROM DEAD MEN AND THEN SINK A SHIP? I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE SHIP'S SAFE!
IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN, NAMOR FINDS THE SHIP'S SAFE···
HEY! THE SAFE'S BEEN BLOWN OPEN! LOOKS LIKE PIRACY! IN THIS DAY AND AGE?
CAPTAIN
ANOTHER THING···· I HAVE NOT SEEN A LIVING THING AROUND HERE—NOT EVEN A CRAB!
NAMOR SURVEYS THE SCENE··· UNAWARE OF A QUEER OCCURRENCE BEHIND HIM.
THIS IS THE SPOOKIEST PLACE I'VE EVER SEEN
SUDDENLY···
WHAT THE— YEOW! PIRATES!!

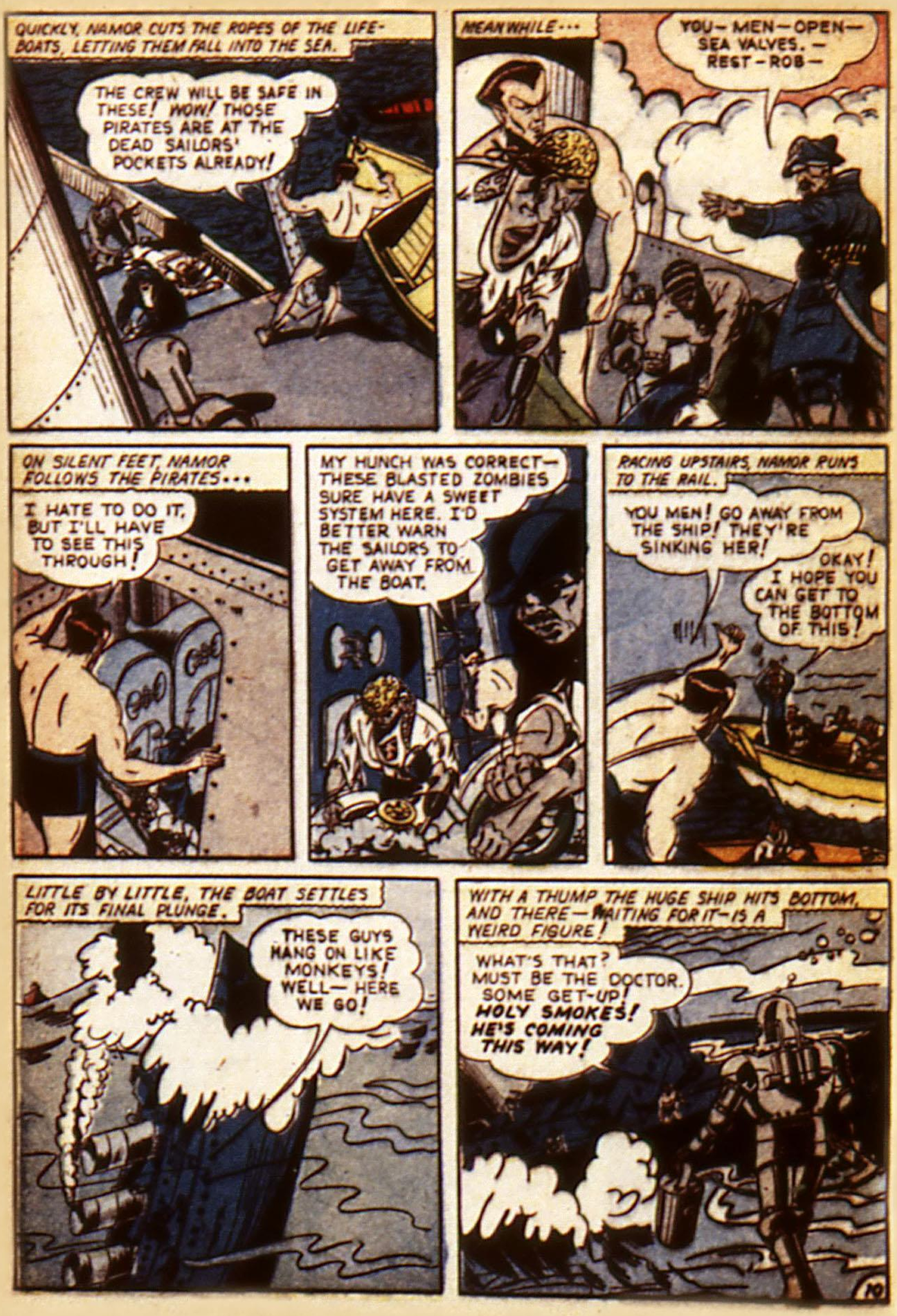

GAD! ZOMBIES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT I SURE WANT TO FIND OUT!
SILENTLY, THE UNDERSEA BATTLE RAGES!
FOR DEAD MEN, YOU DO ALL RIGHT!
I SURE GOT MYSELF INTO SOMETHING THIS TIME!
DODGING THE WICKED CUTLASS STROKES, NAMOR LEAVES HIS BACK UNPROTECTED.
UGH!
WHEN NAMOR COMES TO...
OHOOO- MY HEAD! SAY, WHERE IN THE DICKENS AM I?
UMP! THESE WALLS ARE GLASS- WHY, THE WHOLE CITY OUT THERE IS GLASS! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! FIRST, ZOMBIES— NOW THIS!
AT THAT MOMENT...
FOOTSTEPS! I'LL PRETEND I'M STILL UNCONSCIOUS, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS, AND IN STEPS A PIRATE ZOMBIE!
UH-OH! ONE OF THE BOYS! LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO TAKE ME SOMEPLACE!

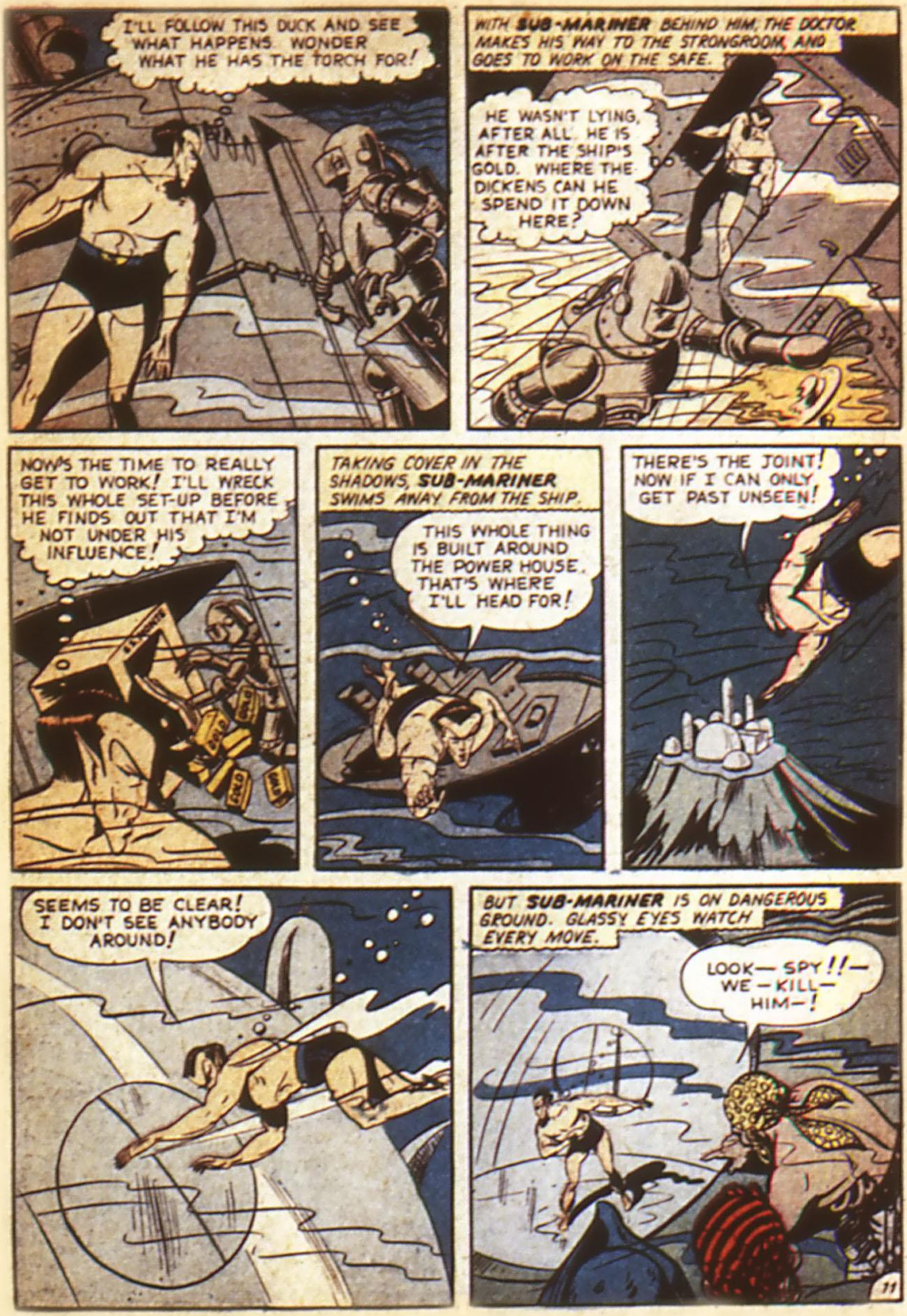

SLOWLY, THE LONG-DEAD PIRATE STALKS TO THE INERT FIGURE OF NAMOR···
HOPPING HADDOCK! HIS HANDS ARE AS COLD AS ICE!
···AND CARRIES HIM THROUGH THE WINDING CORRIDORS OF THE GLASS CITY···
GUESS I'M BEING TAKEN TO THE BIG BOSS, AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT!
···THEN, INTO A LABORATORY OF HUGE PROPORTIONS!
PUT HIM ON THE TABLE: THIS HUMAN FISH CAN BE VERY USEFUL TO ME—ONCE I FIND OUT WHAT MAKES HIM SO! I'LL OPERATE IMMEDIATELY.
UH-OH! HERE IT COMES!
NOW, INTRUDER, THIS WILL PUT YOU INTO A PERMANENT SLEEP. BRING MY DISSECTING INSTRUMENTS!
WITH FIENDISH DELIBERATION THE MAD DOCTOR BRINGS DOWN THE NEEDLE!
HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO—
ACTION! NOW, YOU CRACKPOT!
YOU'VE BEEN DISHING IT OUT, LATELY— NOW TRY SOME OF IT YOURSELF!
STOP HIM! I COMMAND YOU!
6

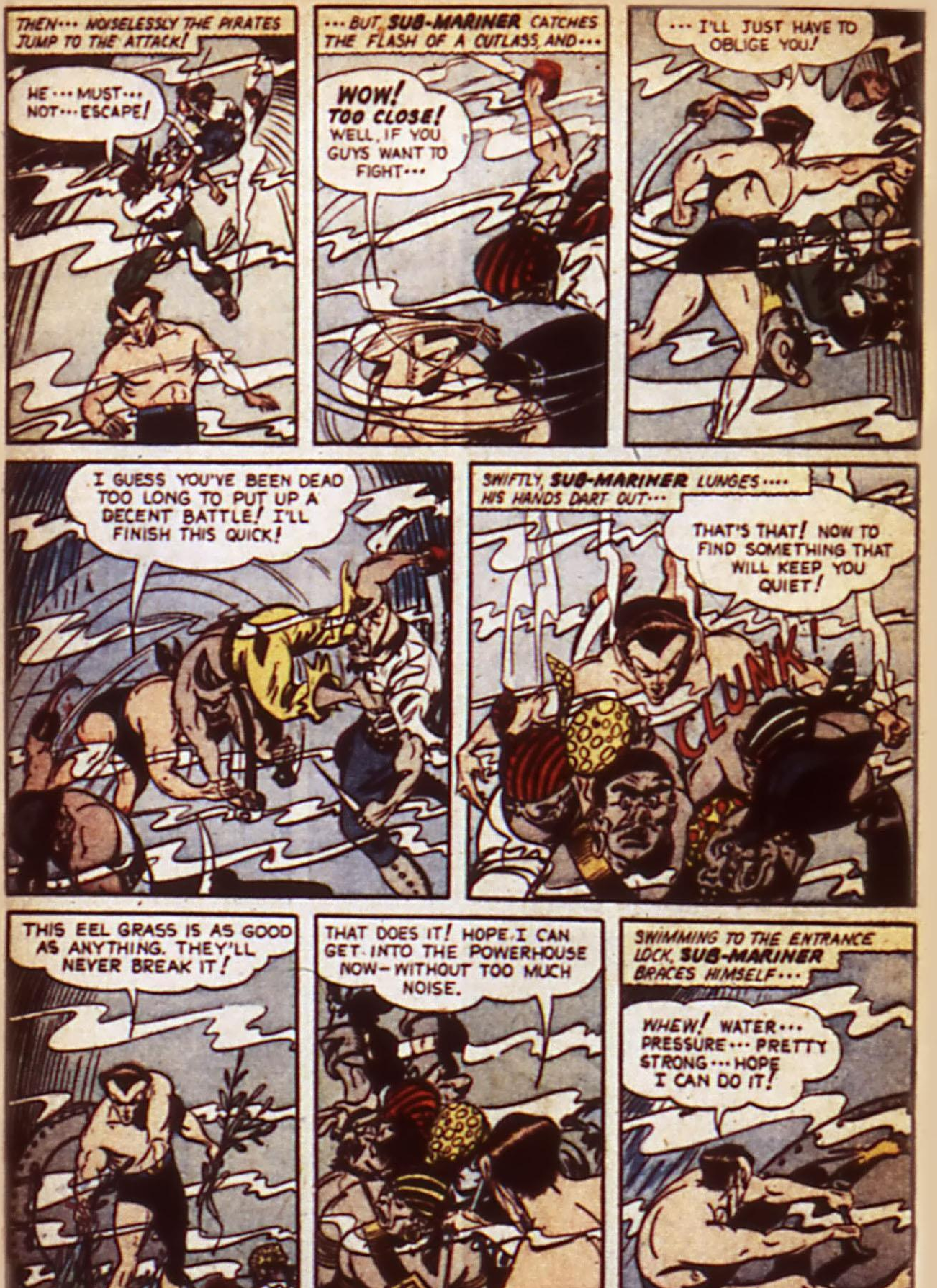
NAMOR'S MIGHTY HANDS GRAB THE DOCTOR···
DON'T! LET ME GO!
I WILL— IN A SECOND!
THEN···
SEE, I ALWAYS KEEP MY PROMISE!
THIS TIME I WILL REALLY GET YOU!
WHAT— DROP THAT!
THE DOCTOR SQUEEZES THE PEN— OUT SPURTS A JET OF GAS, ENVELOPING NAMOR, PARALYZING HIS MUSCLES.
HA! SIMPLE, BUT EFFECTIVE!
(COUGH) CAN'T BREATHE! (COUGH)
DRUGGED! BODY··· WON'T RESPOND!··· MY·MIND··· IS··· CLOUDING!
EXCELLENT! ABSOLUTELY POWERLESS! HOWEVER, YOU CAN HEAR ME, WHEREVER YOU ARE. SINCE YOU CAME LOOKING FOR A STORY, I'LL TELL YOU MINE!
YEARS AGO I SEARCHED FOR PIRATE TREASURE AND FOUND THIS AREA. A NATURAL UNDER-SEA VOLCANO PRESERVED THE BODIES OF THE PIRATES AND KEPT THE FISH AWAY. BEING A DOCTOR, I UTILIZED A RADIO-ACTIVE SUBSTANCE FROM THE VOLCANO, AND RESTORED THE BODIES OF THE PIRATES TO ACTIVITY.
··· IT IS THESE MEN WHO RISE FROM THE SEA TO OVERPOWER SHIPS AND SINK THEM! I LOOT THE SAFES, WHILE THEY SATISFY THEMSELVES WITH THE VICTIM'S PERSONAL TRINKETS. WITH THEIR AID, I BUILT THIS CITY. NOW, YOU WILL JOIN US!
7

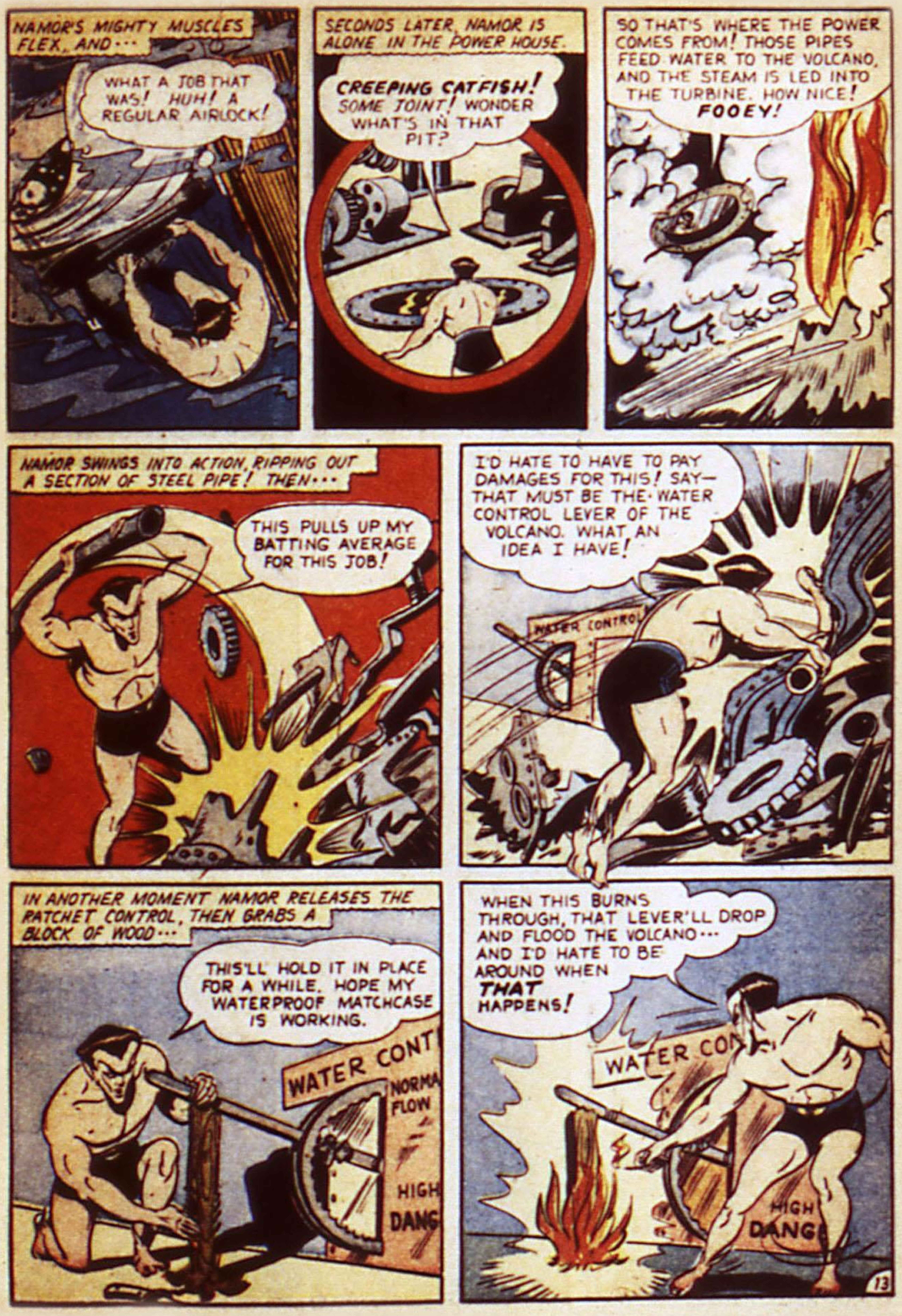
SUDDENLY··· A LIGHT FLICKERS ON OVER THE HYDROPHONE SET. QUICKLY, THE DOCTOR ADJUSTS THE EARPHONES.
AH-H! HERE COMES THE SHIP I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! SUMMON THE MEN QUICKLY!
THE PIRATES POUR INTO THE LABORATORY, AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS.
PROCEED AS USUAL! YOU, MR FISH, WILL FOLLOW THEM! GO!
YOU'RE IN MY POWER NOW— NEVER TRY TO ESCAPE. DO YOUR WORK WELL AND YOU WILL BE REWARDED.
THE GROUP ENTERS THE SEA THROUGH AIR-LOCKS, AND SLOWLY RISE THROUGH THE MURKY WATERS.
NEAR THE SURFACE···
MUST··· SINK··· SHIP! MASTER ORDER··· IT!
UP GO THE GRAPPLING HOOKS! ONE MAN SWARMS UP THE SIDE, TO DISPOSE OF THE RADIO OPERATOR BEFORE AN ALARM CAN BE SENT.
KILL! ROB— POCKETS!
UNNOTICED, THE LIVING-DEAD PIRATE STEALS INTO THE RADIO SHACK. THEN···
AGAAA
WHAT WAS THAT?
COME ON! WE'LL FIND OUT!
BUT BEFORE THEY CAN MOVE···
THERE—KILL—ROB!
WHAT TH'— PIRATES!
THOSE CUTS— THEY ARE DEAD MEN!


HOLY SMOKES! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!
YOU DEVILS!
AAAAAAA!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! BULLETS WON'T STOP THEM!
GET THIS GUY!!
HOLD HIM!
THEN...
THERE! THAT DID IT!
OHOO!
WOW! WHAT A SHOT! HEY— MY MIND'S CLEAR AGAIN! THAT BLOW WIPED OUT THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUG! I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING-FAST!
IN A SECOND, NAMOR IS ON HIS FEET, SEARCHING FOR THE CAPTAIN. HE SEES HIM, BUT...
CAPTAIN! CALL OFF YOUR MEN! HEY! QUIT SHOOTING!!
STAY BACK, YOU FIEND! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!
CUT IT OUT! I'M SUB-MARINER- TRYING TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY. ORDER YOUR MEN TO JUMP OVERBOARD! THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!
WHAT? SUB-MARINER! OKAY! I'LL DO IT!!!
AT ONCE THE ORDERS GO OUT, AND...
OVER THE SIDES, MEN! IT'S ORDERS—GET GOING!

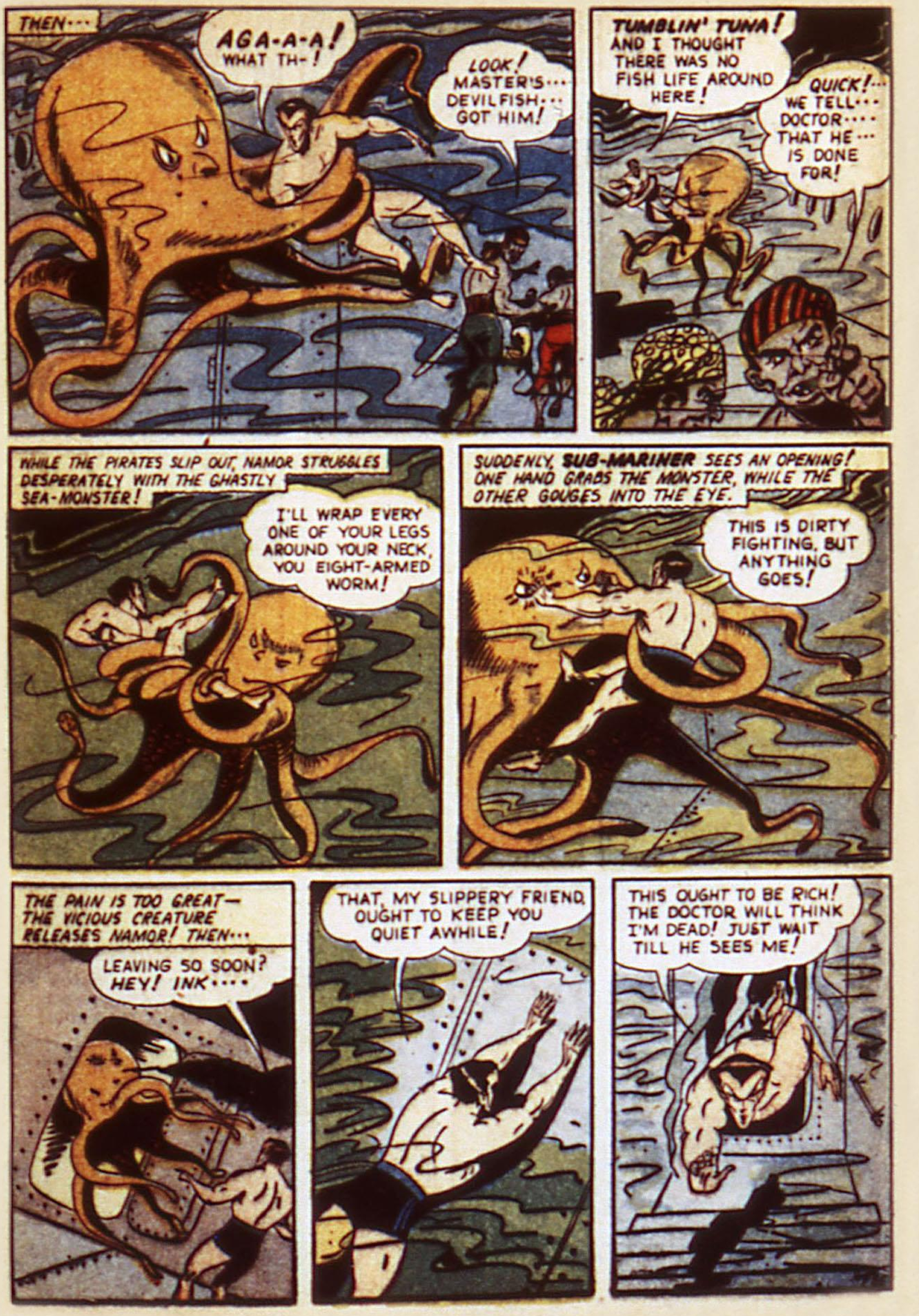

QUICKLY, NAMOR CUTS THE ROPES OF THE LIFE-BOATS, LETTING THEM FALL INTO THE SEA.
THE CREW WILL BE SAFE IN THESE! WOW! THOSE PIRATES ARE AT THE DEAD SAILORS' POCKETS ALREADY!
MEANWHILE...
YOU—MEN—OPEN—SEA VALVES.—REST—ROB—
ON SILENT FEET, NAMOR FOLLOWS THE PIRATES...
I HATE TO DO IT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO SEE THIS THROUGH!
MY HUNCH WAS CORRECT—THESE BLASTED ZOMBIES SURE HAVE A SWEET SYSTEM HERE. I'D BETTER WARN THE SAILORS TO GET AWAY FROM THE BOAT.
RACING UPSTAIRS, NAMOR RUNS TO THE RAIL.
YOU MEN! GO AWAY FROM THE SHIP! THEY'RE SINKING HER!
OKAY! I HOPE YOU CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE BOAT SETTLES FOR ITS FINAL PLUNGE.
THESE GUYS HANG ON LIKE MONKEYS! WELL—HERE WE GO!
WITH A THUMP THE HUGE SHIP HITS BOTTOM, AND THERE—WAITING FOR IT—IS A WEIRD FIGURE!
WHAT'S THAT? MUST BE THE DOCTOR. SOME GET-UP! HOLY SMOKES! HE'S COMING THIS WAY!
10


I'LL FOLLOW THIS DUCK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. WONDER WHAT HE HAS THE TORCH FOR!
WITH SUB-MARINER BEHIND HIM, THE DOCTOR MAKES HIS WAY TO THE STRONGROOM, AND GOES TO WORK ON THE SAFE.
HE WASN'T LYING, AFTER ALL. HE IS AFTER THE SHIP'S GOLD. WHERE THE DICKENS CAN HE SPEND IT DOWN HERE?
NOW'S THE TIME TO REALLY GET TO WORK! I'LL WRECK THIS WHOLE SET-UP BEFORE HE FINDS OUT THAT I'M NOT UNDER HIS INFLUENCE!
GOLD
GOLD
GOLD
GOLD
GOLD
TAKING COVER IN THE SHADOWS, SUB-MARINER SWIMS ANAY FROM THE SHIP.
THIS WHOLE THING IS BUILT AROUND THE POWER HOUSE. THAT'S WHERE I'LL HEAD FOR!
THERE'S THE JOINT! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET PAST UNSEEN!
SEEMS TO BE CLEAR! I DON'T SEE ANYBODY AROUND!
BUT SUB-MARINER IS ON DANGEROUS GROUND. GLASSY EYES WATCH EVERY MOVE.
LOOK— SPY!!— WE—KILL— HIM—!

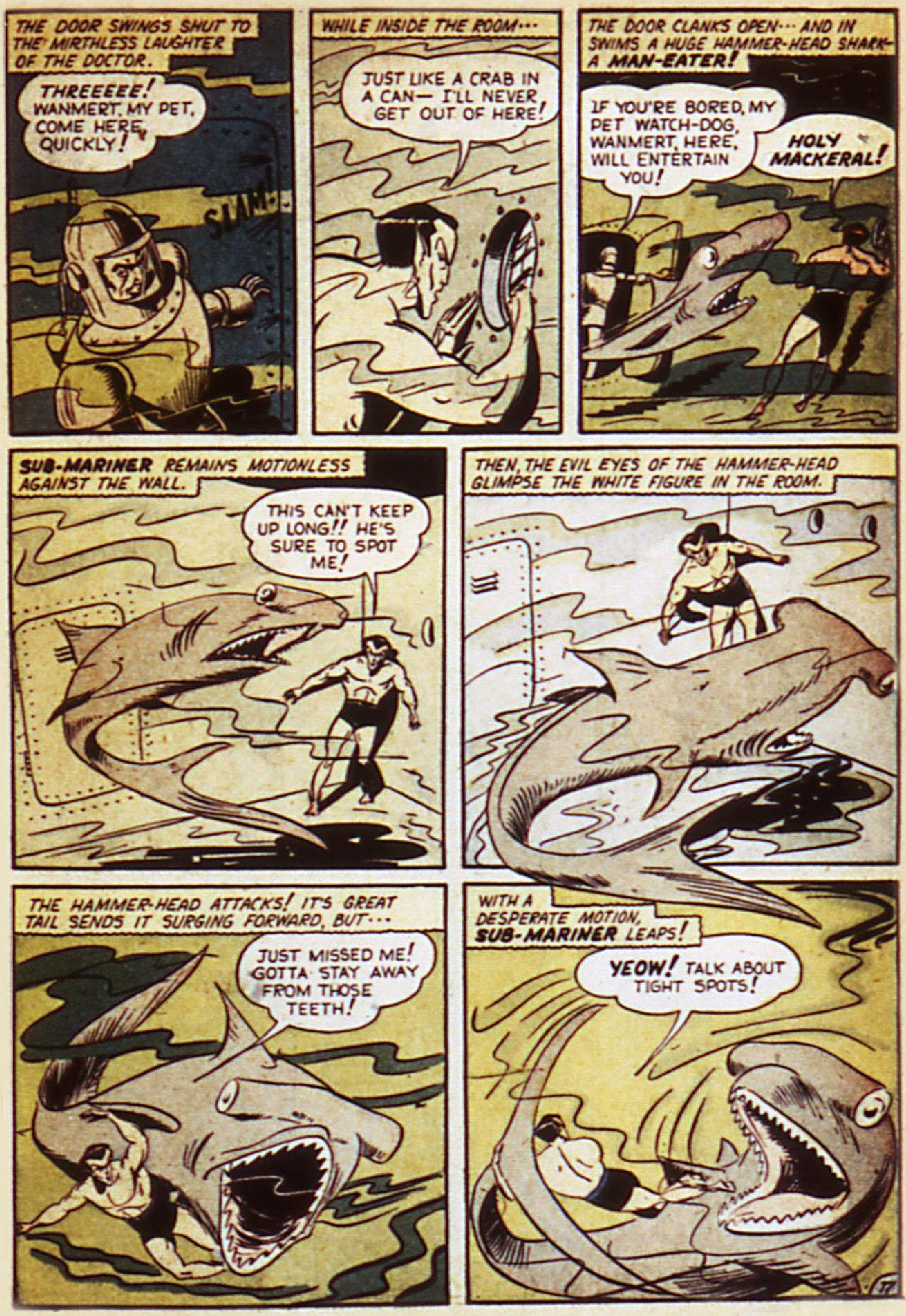

THEN··· NOISELESSLY THE PIRATES JUMP TO THE ATTACK!
HE··· MUST··· NOT··· ESCAPE!
··· BUT, SUB-MARINER CATCHES THE FLASH OF A CUTLASS, AND···
WOW! TOO CLOSE! WELL, IF YOU GUYS WANT TO FIGHT···
··· I'LL JUST HAVE TO OBLIGE YOU!
I GUESS YOU'VE BEEN DEAD TOO LONG TO PUT UP A DECENT BATTLE! I'LL FINISH THIS QUICK!
SWIFTLY, SUB-MARINER LUNGES···· HIS HANDS DART OUT···
THAT'S THAT! NOW TO FIND SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP YOU QUIET!
CLUNK!
THIS EEL GRASS IS AS GOOD AS ANYTHING. THEY'LL NEVER BREAK IT!
THAT DOES IT! HOPE I CAN GET INTO THE POWERHOUSE NOW— WITHOUT TOO MUCH NOISE.
SWIMMING TO THE ENTRANCE LOCK, SUB-MARINER BRACES HIMSELF···
WHEW! WATER··· PRESSURE··· PRETTY STRONG··· HOPE I CAN DO IT!
12


NAMOR'S MIGHTY MUSCLES FLEX, AND···
WHAT A JOB THAT WAS! HUH! A REGULAR AIRLOCK!
SECONDS LATER, NAMOR IS ALONE IN THE POWER HOUSE.
CREEPING CATFISH! SOME JOINT! WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT PIT?
SO THAT'S WHERE THE POWER COMES FROM! THOSE PIPES FEED WATER TO THE VOLCANO, AND THE STEAM IS LED INTO THE TURBINE. HOW NICE! FOOEY!
NAMOR SWINGS INTO ACTION, RIPPING OUT A SECTION OF STEEL PIPE! THEN···
THIS PULLS UP MY BATTING AVERAGE FOR THIS JOB!
I'D HATE TO HAVE TO PAY DAMAGES FOR THIS! SAY— THAT MUST BE THE WATER CONTROL LEVER OF THE VOLCANO. WHAT AN IDEA I HAVE!
WATER CONTROL
IN ANOTHER MOMENT NAMOR RELEASES THE RATCHET CONTROL, THEN GRABS A BLOCK OF WOOD···
THIS'LL HOLD IT IN PLACE FOR A WHILE. HOPE MY WATERPROOF MATCHCASE IS WORKING.
WATER CONT
NORMA FLOW
HIGH
DANG
WHEN THIS BURNS THROUGH, THAT LEVER'LL DROP AND FLOOD THE VOLCANO··· AND I'D HATE TO BE AROUND WHEN THAT HAPPENS!
WATER CO
HIGH
DANGE

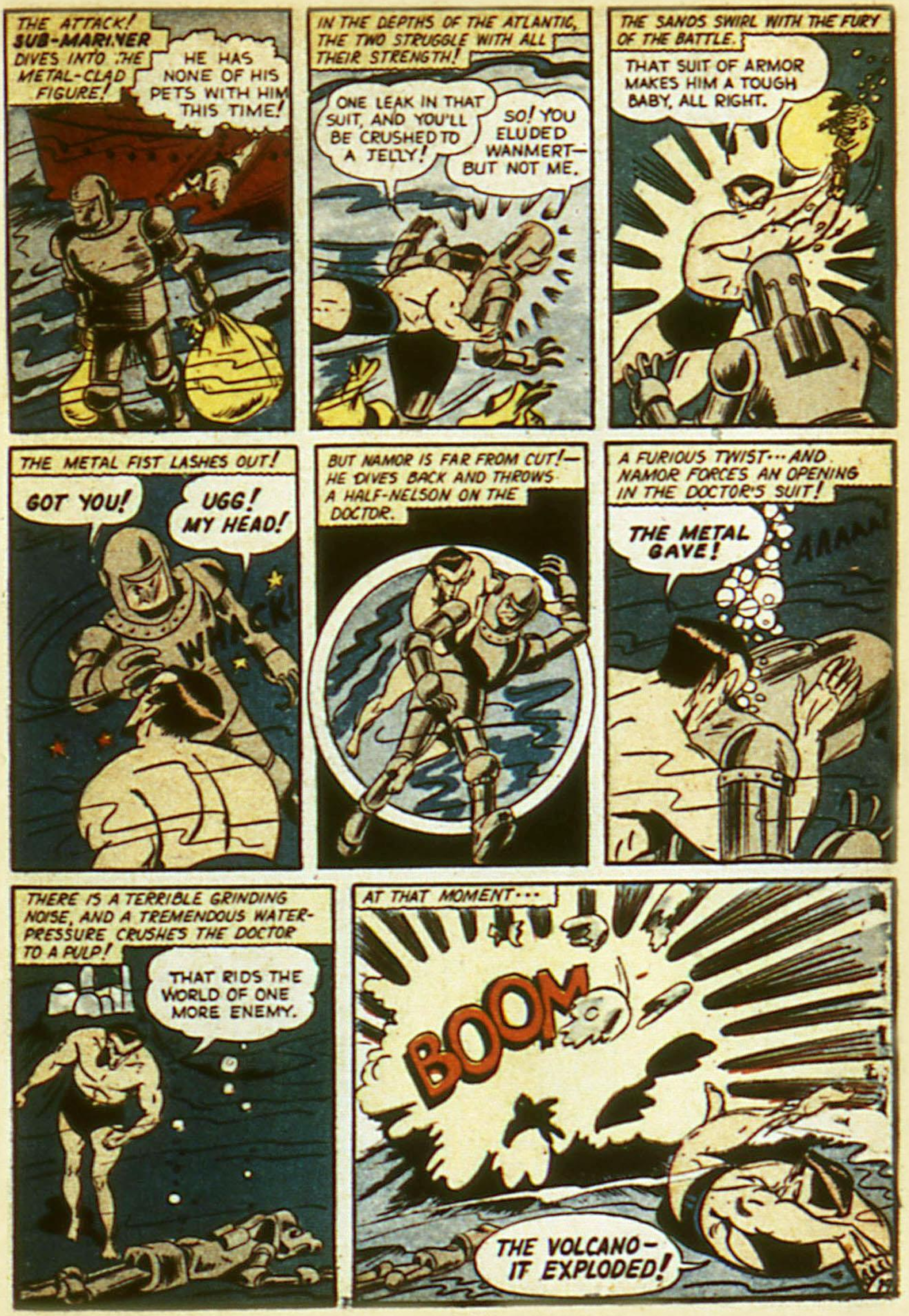
DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THAT BLOCK WILL HOLD OUT··· AND THERE'S A LOT I HAVE TO DO YET!
THE INSIDE AIRLOCK OPENS··· NAMOR SLIPS OUT···
GUESS FORCING THAT OUTSIDE DOOR OPEN DIDN'T DAMAGE IT ANY. NOW FOR A SWIM!
OUTSIDE THE LOCK, NAMOR SWIMS TO THE WRECK OF THE SHIP···
GUESS THAT HALF-BAKED SCIENTIST HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO GET THE CASH OUT OF THE SHIP. I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR HIM!
HOW MANY OF THESE GUYS ARE THERE? THEY MUST BE CARTING OUT THE GOLD. HERE'S WHERE I PULL THE OLD TORPEDO PLAY!
AT TERRIFIC SPEED, SUB-MARINER SWOOPS DOWN!
WHAMO! IT'S A CENTER BUCK, ME BEAUTIES! OUT OF MY WAY!!!
TRAITOR! THIS TIME YOU DIE!
THINK SO! START KILLING THEN!
BUT THE PIRATES' COURAGE BREAKS! THEY RUN FOR THE SHIP'S HOLD.
RUN··· MASTER WILL ···GET HIM.
HA! INSIDE THERE YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY!
DOWN THE HATCHES— THROUGH THE CORRIDORS— THE MAD CHASE CONTINUES! SUDDENLY, BEHIND NAMOR, A GIGANTIC ARM REACHES OUT···
COME BACK HERE AND FIGHT, YOU BLASTED ZOMBIES!

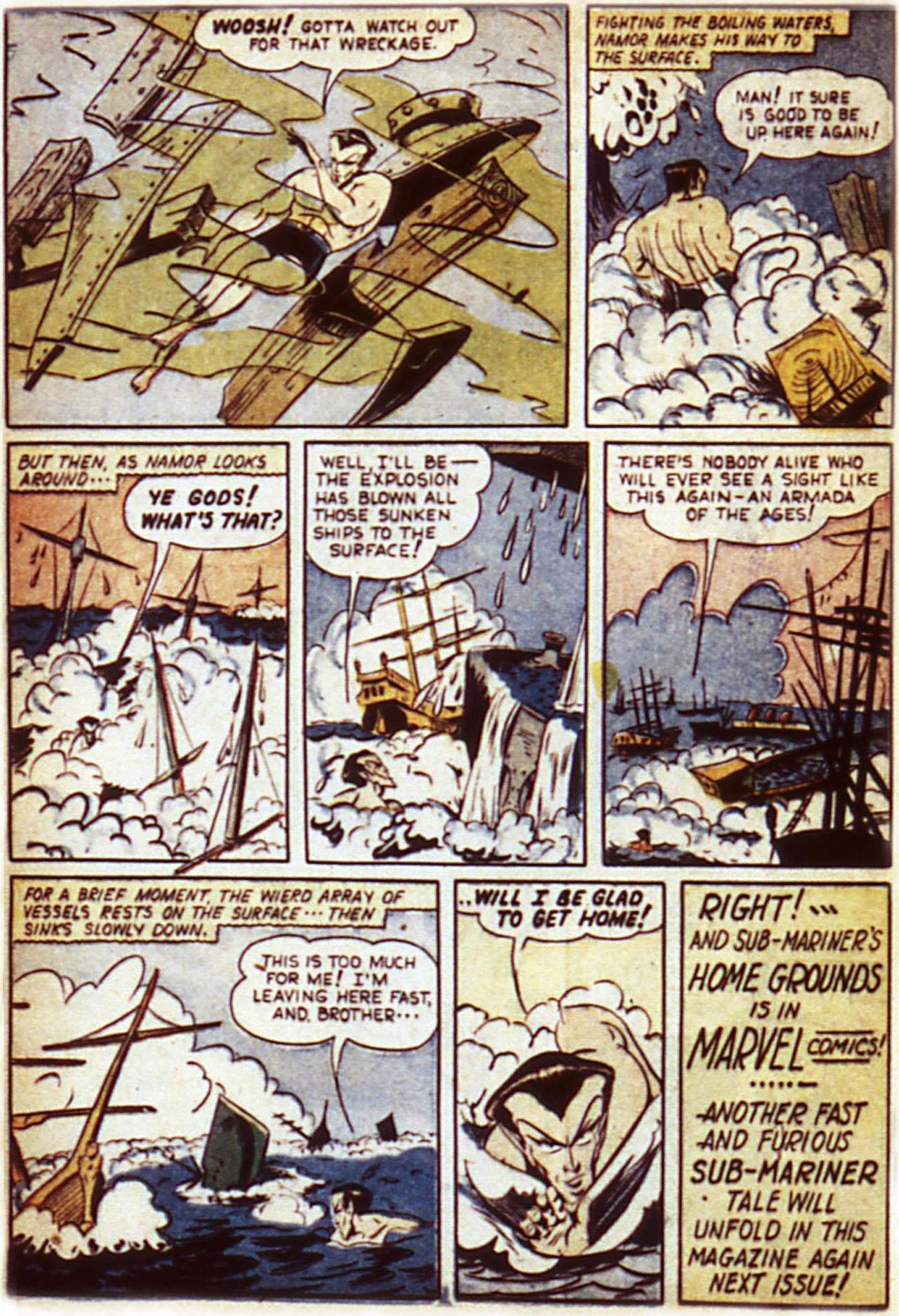

THEN...
AGA-A-A! WHAT TH-!
LOOK! MASTER'S... DEVILFISH... GOT HIM!
TUMBLIN' TUNA! AND I THOUGHT THERE WAS NO FISH LIFE AROUND HERE!
QUICK!... WE TELL... DOCTOR.... THAT HE... IS DONE FOR!
WHILE THE PIRATES SLIP OUT, NAMOR STRUGGLES DESPERATELY WITH THE GHASTLY SEA-MONSTER!
I'LL WRAP EVERY ONE OF YOUR LEGS AROUND YOUR NECK, YOU EIGHT-ARMED WORM!
SUDDENLY, SUB-MARINER SEES AN OPENING! ONE HAND GRABS THE MONSTER, WHILE THE OTHER GOUGES INTO THE EYE.
THIS IS DIRTY FIGHTING, BUT ANYTHING GOES!
THE PAIN IS TOO GREAT— THE VICIOUS CREATURE RELEASES NAMOR! THEN...
LEAVING SO SOON? HEY! INK....
THAT, MY SLIPPERY FRIEND, OUGHT TO KEEP YOU QUIET AWHILE!
THIS OUGHT TO BE RICH! THE DOCTOR WILL THINK I'M DEAD! JUST WAIT TILL HE SEES ME!

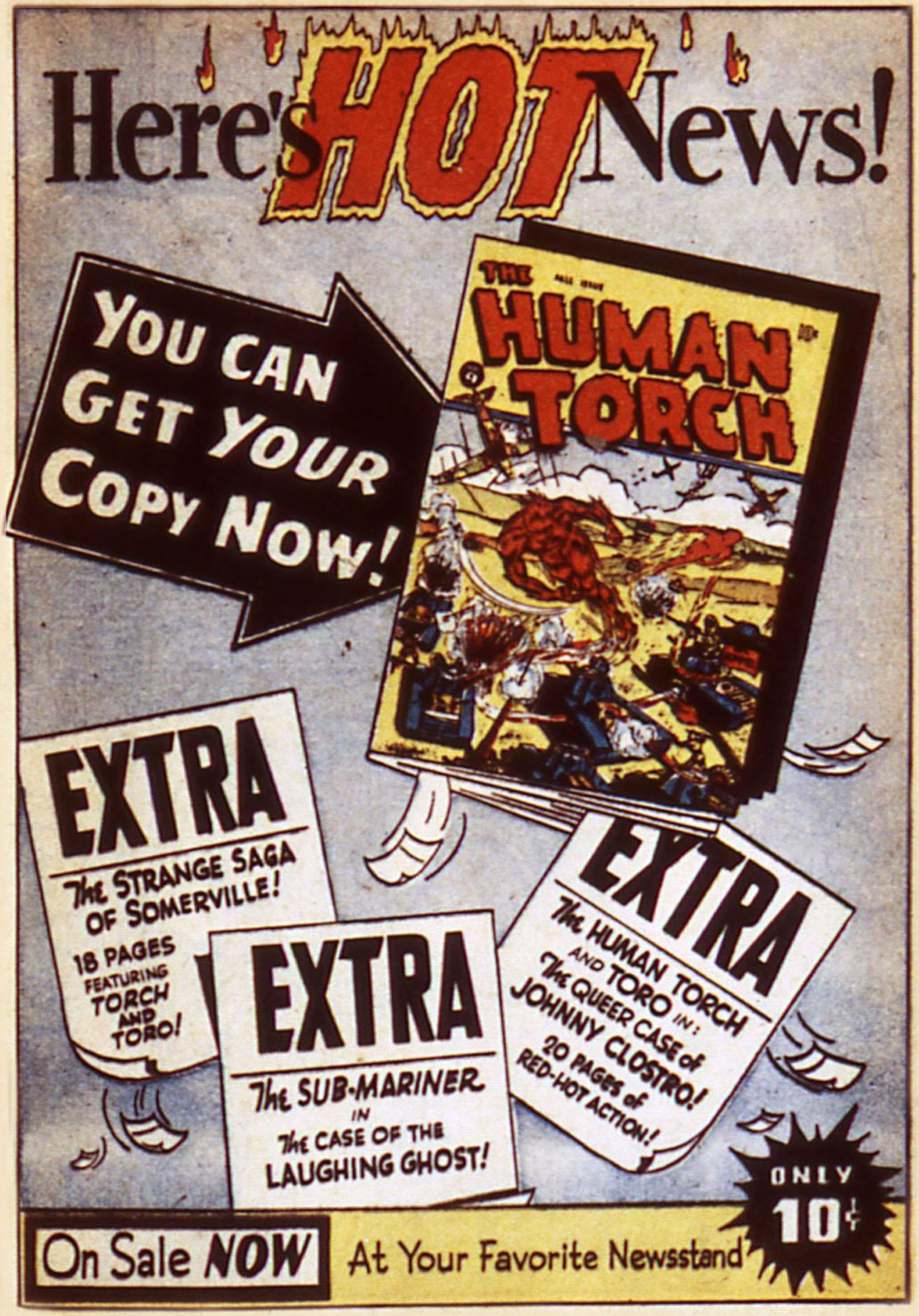
A FEW MINUTES LATER···
THIS IS THE ONE! WITH ALL THESE OTHER HULKS AROUND, IT'S TOUGH PICKING OUT THE RIGHT SHIP.
SLOWLY, SUB-MARINER DESCENDS INTO THE HULL OF THE SUNKEN VESSEL.
THIS IS THE LANDING THE STRONG ROOM IS ON. NOW···
THE STRONG ROOM SWINGS OPEN: THEN···
I'VE FINALLY GOTTEN TO HIM. BOY! WILL I HAVE FUN!
GOLD
ON YOUR FEET, RAT! TIME'S A-WASTIN'!
YOU!
$
THE DOCTOR'S HAND DARTS OUT··· AND GRABS THE ACETYLENE TORCH, SNAPPING ON THE FLAME.
THIS IS SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE DONE IN THE BEGINNING.
THE TORCH! IF HE GETS NEAR ME WITH THAT THING, I'M A FRIED FISH!
MAYBE THIS WILL STOP HIM!
WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, NAMOR HURLS THE TABLE, BUT···
NO GOOD! HIS SUIT'S TOO THICK!
AH-HAA! YOU CANNOT HURT ME!
CRASH!
CRASH
THERE IS NOTHING TO DO BUT RETREAT. SUB-MARINER DASHES INTO A ROOM ACROSS THE HALL, WITH THE DOCTOR AT HIS HEELS!
THAT ROOM··· FOOL! NOW YOU ARE A DEAD MAN!


THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT TO THE MIRTHLESS LAUGHTER OF THE DOCTOR.
THREEEEE! WANMERT, MY PET, COME HERE, QUICKLY!
SLAM!
WHILE INSIDE THE ROOM···
JUST LIKE A CRAB IN A CAN— I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!
THE DOOR CLANKS OPEN··· AND IN SWIMS A HUGE HAMMER-HEAD SHARK— A MAN-EATER!
IF YOU'RE BORED, MY PET WATCH-DOG, WANMERT, HERE, WILL ENTERTAIN YOU!
HOLY MACKERAL!
SUB-MARINER REMAINS MOTIONLESS AGAINST THE WALL.
THIS CAN'T KEEP UP LONG!! HE'S SURE TO SPOT ME!
THEN, THE EVIL EYES OF THE HAMMER-HEAD GLIMPSE THE WHITE FIGURE IN THE ROOM.
THE HAMMER-HEAD ATTACKS! IT'S GREAT TAIL SENDS IT SURGING FORWARD, BUT···
JUST MISSED ME! GOTTA STAY AWAY FROM THOSE TEETH!
WITH A DESPERATE MOTION, SUB-MARINER LEAPS!
YEOW! TALK ABOUT TIGHT SPOTS!
17

GASPING WITH THE EFFORT, AND EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, NAMOR PULLS HIMSELF UP!
SOME RIDE! WORSE THAN CONEY ISLAND!
ONLY ONE OF US WILL LEAVE HERE ALIVE··· AND IT WON'T BE THIS GIANT MINNOW— I HOPE!
SUB-MARINER'S HANDS FIND THE MARK! HE GRABS THE NECK AND TAIL···
IT'S ALL OVER NOW BUT THE SHOUTING, FISHIE!
A SICKENING SNAP··· AND THE SHARK'S BACK BREAKS!
SNAP!
THERE! YOU WON'T BOTHER ANYBODY ANYMORE!
BUT I'M MADDER THAN EVER! OH BOY! JUST WAIT TILL I GET THAT PUNKY DOCTOR!
OW! THIS IS TOUGH ON THE SHOULDERS!
NAMOR'S EYES SEARCH THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM. SUDDENLY···
···AND THERE'S MY LITTLE PAL NOW··· THE MURDERER!


THE ATTACK! SUB-MARINER DIVES INTO THE METAL-CLAD FIGURE!
HE HAS NONE OF HIS PETS WITH HIM THIS TIME!
IN THE DEPTHS OF THE ATLANTIC, THE TWO STRUGGLE WITH ALL THEIR STRENGTH!
ONE LEAK IN THAT SUIT, AND YOU'LL BE CRUSHED TO A JELLY!
SO! YOU ELUDED WANMERT— BUT NOT ME.
THE SANDS SWIRL WITH THE FURY OF THE BATTLE.
THAT SUIT OF ARMOR MAKES HIM A TOUGH BABY, ALL RIGHT.
THE METAL FIST LASHES OUT!
GOT YOU!
UGG! MY HEAD!
WHACK!
BUT NAMOR IS FAR FROM OUT!— HE DIVES BACK AND THROWS A HALF-NELSON ON THE DOCTOR.
A FURIOUS TWIST··· AND NAMOR FORCES AN OPENING IN THE DOCTOR'S SUIT!
THE METAL GAVE!
ARAAA!
THERE IS A TERRIBLE GRINDING NOISE, AND A TREMENDOUS WATER-PRESSURE CRUSHES THE DOCTOR TO A PULP!
THAT RIDS THE WORLD OF ONE MORE ENEMY.
AT THAT MOMENT···
BOOM
THE VOLCANO— IT EXPLODED!


WOOSH! GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR THAT WRECKAGE.
FIGHTING THE BOILING WATERS, NAMOR MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SURFACE.
MAN! IT SURE IS GOOD TO BE UP HERE AGAIN!
BUT THEN, AS NAMOR LOOKS AROUND...
YE GODS! WHAT'S THAT?
WELL, I'LL BE— THE EXPLOSION HAS BLOWN ALL THOSE SUNKEN SHIPS TO THE SURFACE!
THERE'S NOBODY ALIVE WHO WILL EVER SEE A SIGHT LIKE THIS AGAIN—AN ARMADA OF THE AGES!
FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, THE WIERD ARRAY OF VESSELS RESTS ON THE SURFACE ··· THEN SINKS SLOWLY DOWN.
THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! I'M LEAVING HERE FAST, AND, BROTHER ···
..WILL I BE GLAD TO GET HOME!
RIGHT! ··· AND SUB-MARINER'S HOME GROUNDS IS IN MARVEL COMICS! ······ ANOTHER FAST AND FURIOUS SUB-MARINER TALE WILL UNFOLD IN THIS MAGAZINE AGAIN NEXT ISSUE!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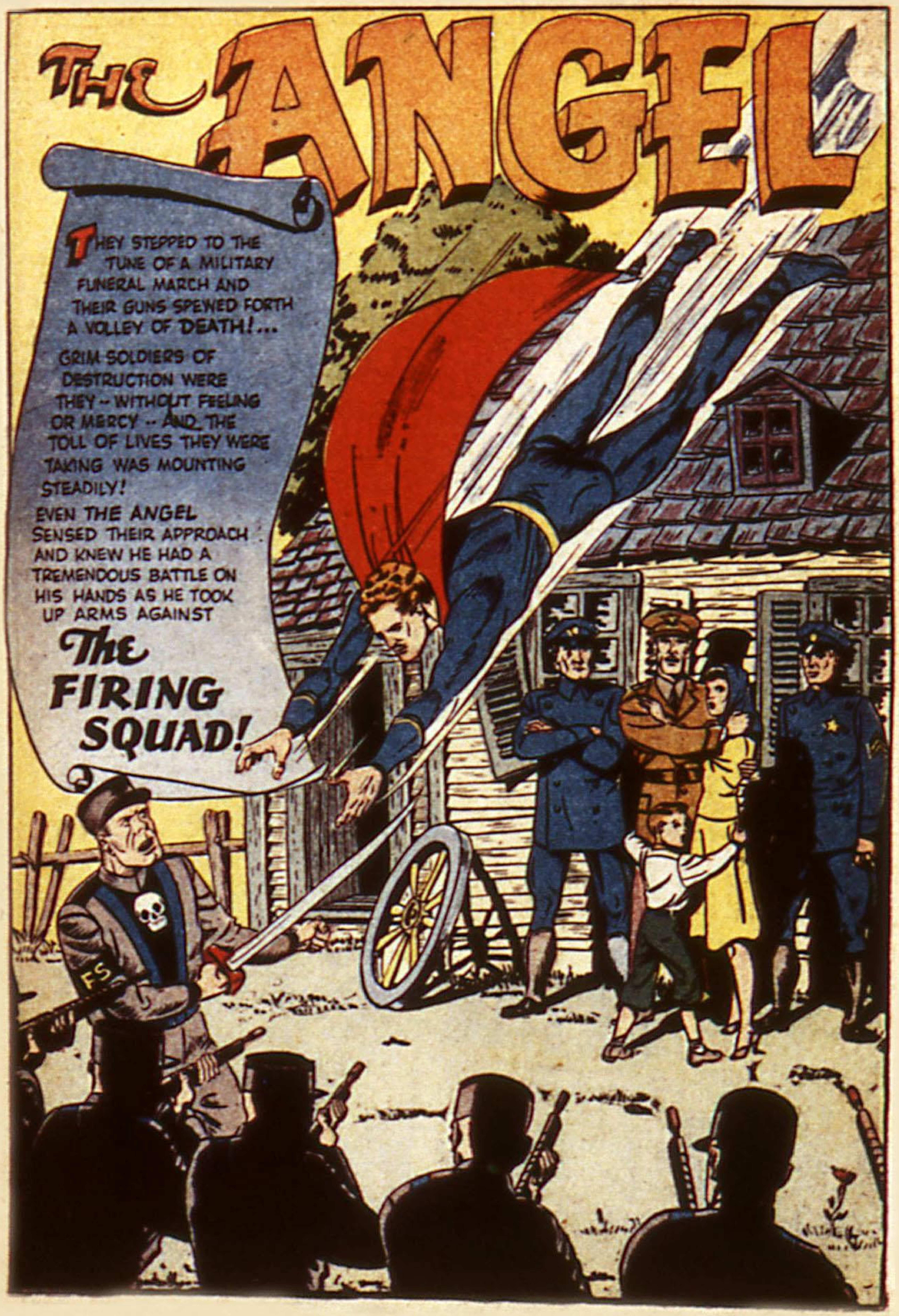
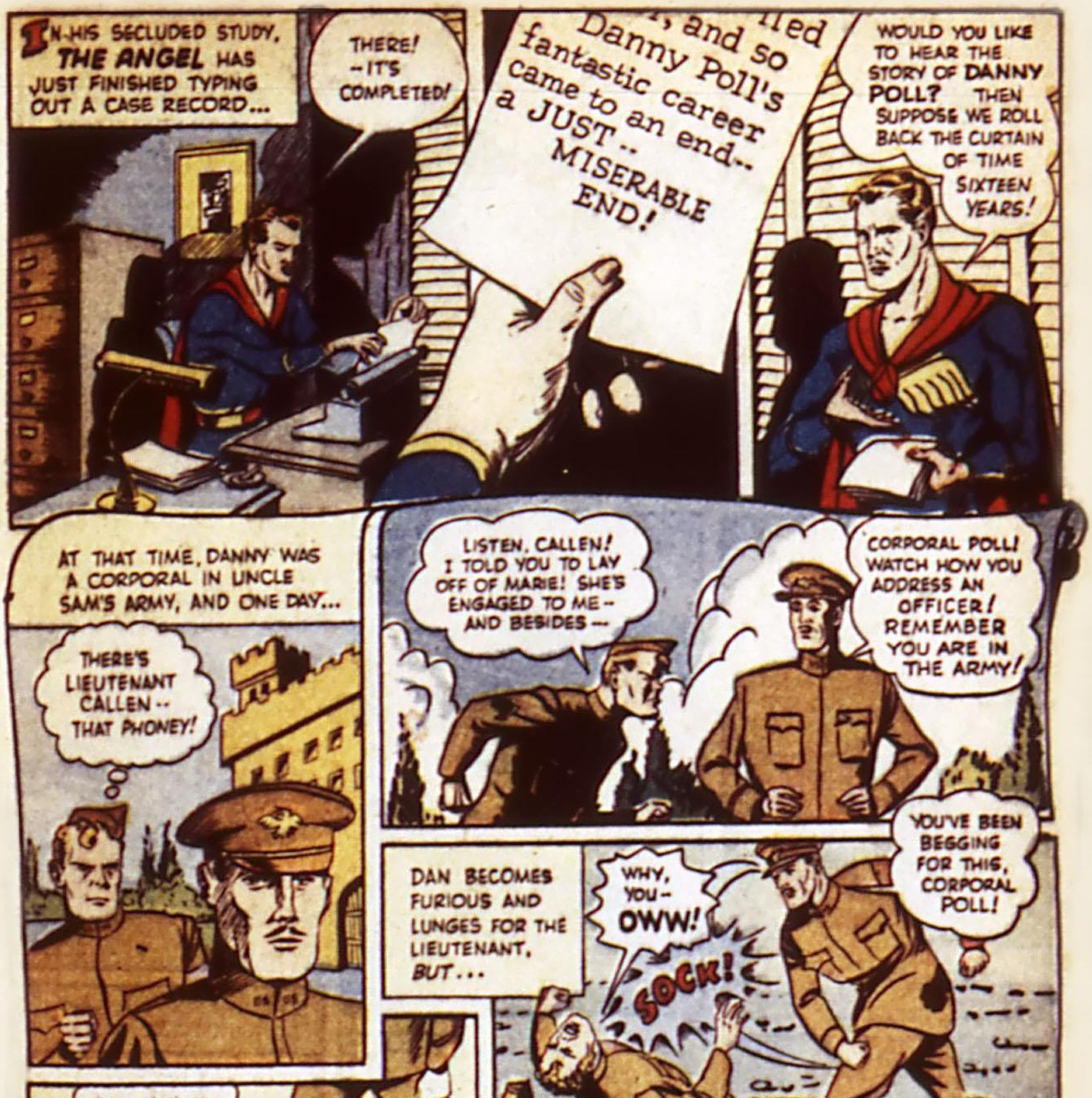
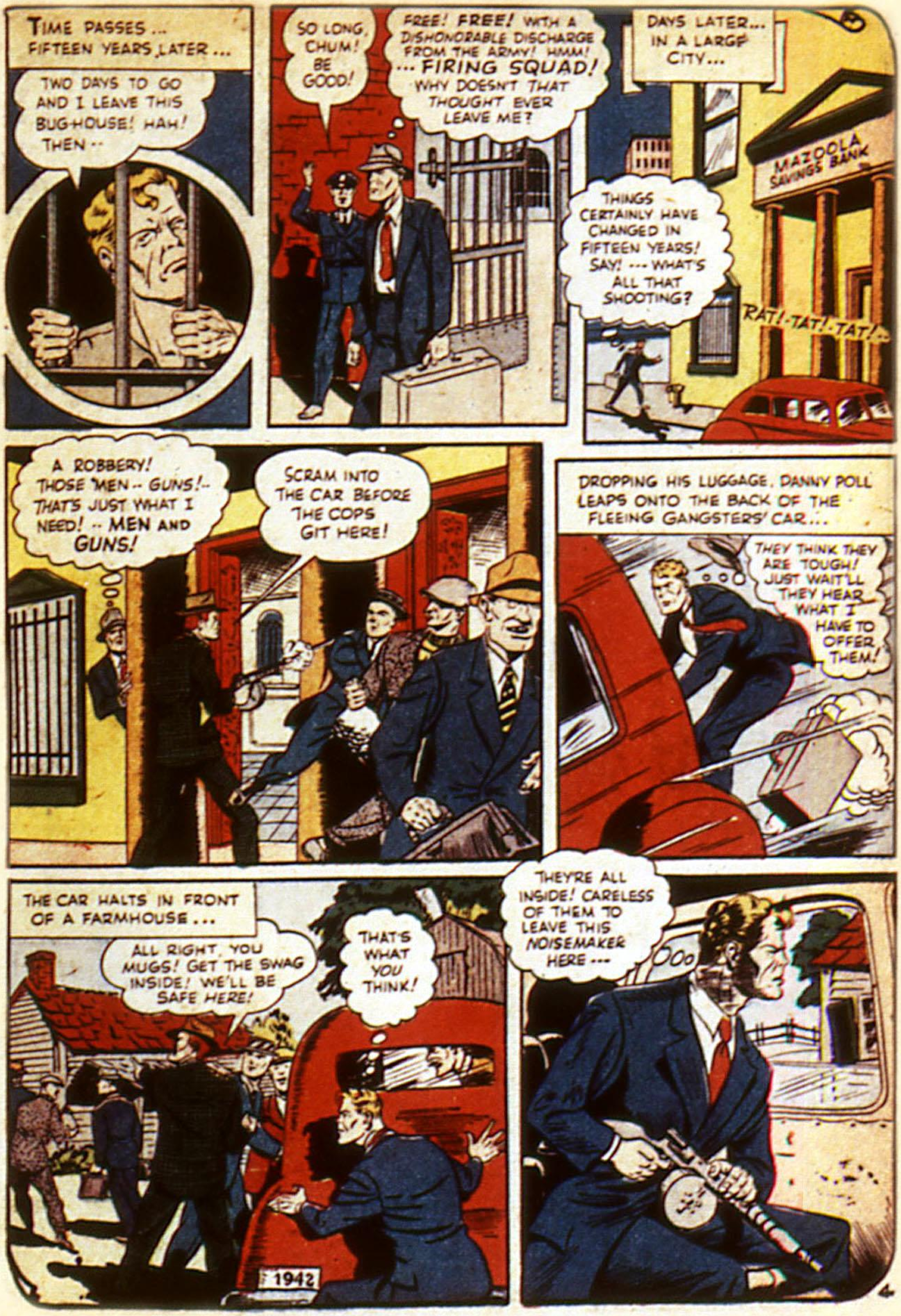

THE ANGEL
THEY STEPPED TO THE TUNE OF A MILITARY FUNERAL MARCH AND THEIR GUNS SPEWED FORTH A VOLLEY OF DEATH!...
GRIM SOLDIERS OF DESTRUCTION WERE THEY -- WITHOUT FEELING OR MERCY -- AND THE TOLL OF LIVES THEY WERE TAKING WAS MOUNTING STEADILY!
EVEN THE ANGEL SENSED THEIR APPROACH AND KNEW HE HAD A TREMENDOUS BATTLE ON HIS HANDS AS HE TOOK UP ARMS AGAINST
The FIRING SQUAD!
FS


IN HIS SECLUDED STUDY, THE ANGEL HAS JUST FINISHED TYPING OUT A CASE RECORD...
THERE! --IT'S COMPLETED!
lled, and so Danny Poll's fantastic career came to an end-- a JUST-- MISERABLE END!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR THE STORY OF DANNY POLL? THEN SUPPOSE WE ROLL BACK THE CURTAIN OF TIME SIXTEEN YEARS!
AT THAT TIME, DANNY WAS A CORPORAL IN UNCLE SAM'S ARMY, AND ONE DAY...
THERE'S LIEUTENANT CALLEN -- THAT PHONEY!
LISTEN, CALLEN! I TOLD YOU TO LAY OFF OF MARIE! SHE'S ENGAGED TO ME -- AND BESIDES --
CORPORAL POLL! WATCH HOW YOU ADDRESS AN OFFICER! REMEMBER YOU ARE IN THE ARMY!
DAN BECOMES FURIOUS AND LUNGES FOR THE LIEUTENANT, BUT...
WHY, YOU- OWW!
SOCK!
YOU'VE BEEN BEGGING FOR THIS, CORPORAL POLL!
THE RAT! I'LL BREAK HIS HEAD!
WITH BLIND ANGER, DANNY SWINGS THE HEAVY ROCK IN HIS HAND ---
UGH!
SO-- I'M A PUNK, EH?

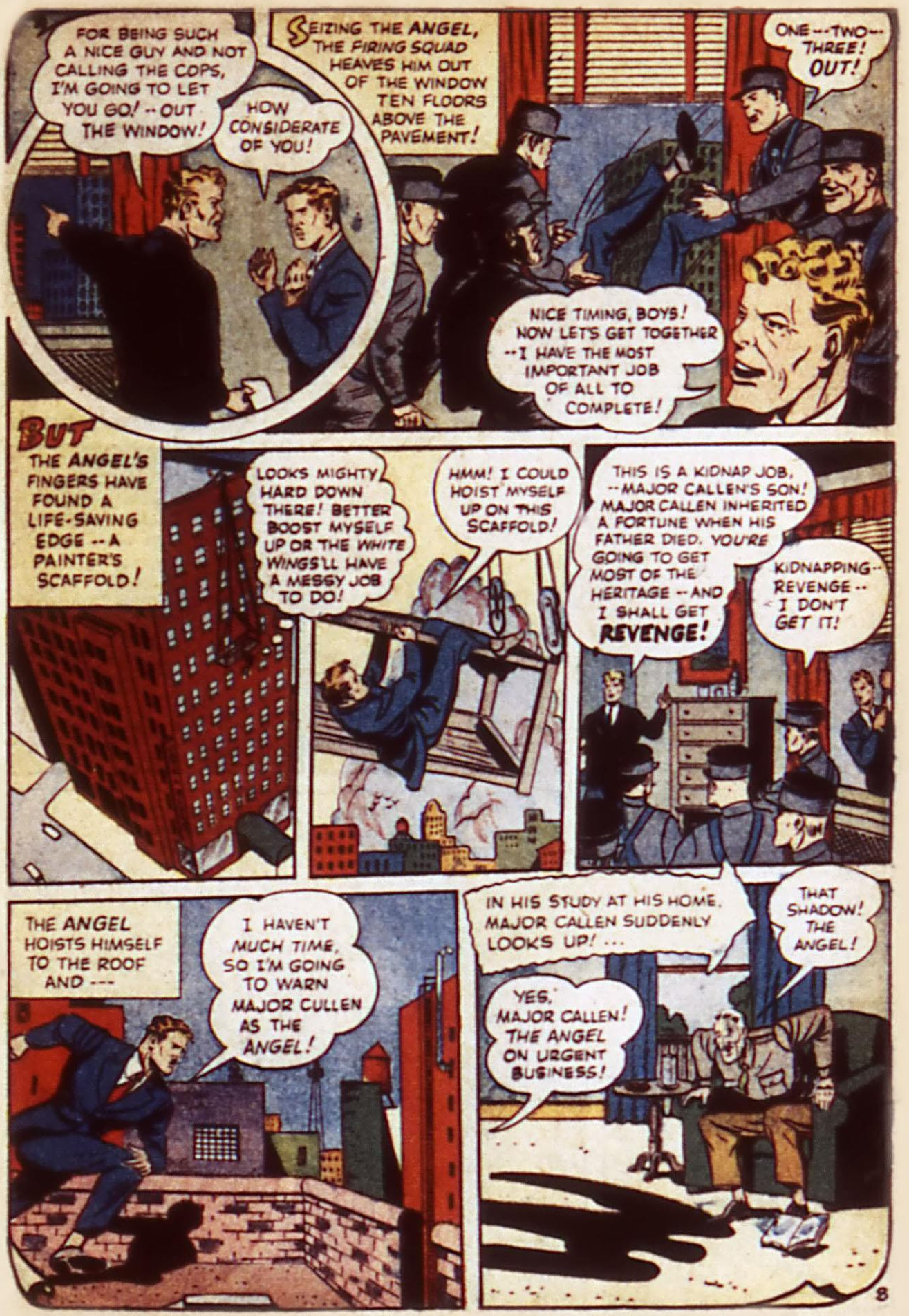
OH -- WHAT HAVE I *DONE*?
HE SLUGGED LIEUTENANT CALLEN!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CORPORAL POLL!
B-BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING! I WAS *MAD* AND --
MANSLAUGHTER IN THE ARMY, PAL, MEANS THE *FIRING SQUAD*!
DANNY HAS A VISITOR IN THE GUARD-HOUSE, WHERE HE IS CONFINED...
I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! LIEUTENANT CALLEN IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE! YOU DESERVE ANYTHING YOU GET FOR THAT!
MARIE! DON'T LEAVE ME!
WEEKS LATER -- AT THE HOSPITAL...
YOU'VE RECOVERED COMPLETELY, DEAR!
YES! NOW I'LL HAVE TO TESTIFY AGAINST DANNY POLL AT THE COURT MARTIAL! I DON'T *LIKE* IT!
THE COURT MARTIAL...
AND THIS *ROCK* -- IS IT THE ONE THAT POLL STRUCK YOU WITH, LIEUTENANT?
YES! I SAW IT IN HIS HAND AS HE WAS ABOUT TO STRIKE ME!
THE MATERIAL EVIDENCE CONVINCES THE COURT THAT DANNY POLL IS GUILTY...
THE FACT THAT YOU STRUCK AN OFFICER WOULD ALONE SEND YOU TO PRISON -- *BUT* ATTEMPTED *MANSLAUGHTER*--
YES, SIR -- I KNOW -- THE *FIRING SQUAD*!
YES! IF THIS WERE WAR TIME! HOWEVER, YOUR SENTENCE IS *FIFTEEN* YEARS IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!
FIFTEEN YEARS!
SO DANNY POLL WAS SENT TO THE MILITARY PRISON!
FIFTEEN YEARS IN THIS MISERABLE RAT-HOLE! FIFTEEN YEARS OF MY LIFE TO ROT! I'LL GET EVEN -- I SWEAR IT!


TIME PASSES... FIFTEEN YEARS LATER...
TWO DAYS TO GO AND I LEAVE THIS BUG-HOUSE! HAH! THEN --
SO LONG, CHUM! BE GOOD!
FREE! FREE! WITH A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY! HMM! ...FIRING SQUAD! WHY DOESN'T THAT THOUGHT EVER LEAVE ME?
DAYS LATER... IN A LARGE CITY...
MAZOOLA SAVINGS BANK
THINGS CERTAINLY HAVE CHANGED IN FIFTEEN YEARS! SAY! --- WHAT'S ALL THAT SHOOTING?
RAT!-TAT!-TAT!
A ROBBERY! THOSE MEN -- GUNS! -- THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED! -- MEN AND GUNS!
SCRAM INTO THE CAR BEFORE THE COPS GIT HERE!
DROPPING HIS LUGGAGE, DANNY POLL LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE FLEEING GANGSTERS' CAR...
THEY THINK THEY ARE TOUGH! JUST WAIT'LL THEY HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER THEM!
THE CAR HALTS IN FRONT OF A FARMHOUSE...
ALL RIGHT, YOU MUGS! GET THE SWAG INSIDE! WE'LL BE SAFE HERE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
1942
THEY'RE ALL INSIDE! CARELESS OF THEM TO LEAVE THIS NOISEMAKER HERE ---

INSIDE...
DON'T GET ITCHY FINGERS! FIFTY PERCENT OF THIS KUSH IS *MINE!* YOU BOYS'LL DIVVY THE REST! -- ANY COMPLAINTS?
NAW, RED! BUT WE DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK AND--
SUDDENLY!...
--YOUR *BOSS* GETS THE GRAVY! RIGHT?
AGHRR!
YEAH-- HUH? --
RATATATAT!
THINGS ARE GOING TO BE *DIFFERENT* WITH *DANNY POLL* AS YOUR BOSS! FIRST, THIS MONEY --- DIVIDE IT EVENLY AMONG YOU! ANY OBJECTIONS?
*OBJECTIONS?*-- CRIPES--NO!
WE'RE WITH YOU, PAL!
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU MUGS IS, YOU'RE NOT ORGANIZED, LIKE THE *ARMY!* IF YOU'LL FALL IN WITH *ME*, I'LL MAKE YOU A REAL *MILITARY MOB!* THE SPLIT IS *EVEN-STEVEN* ALL AROUND! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
START DRILLIN' US, MAJOR!
DANNY SETS UP A RIGID MILITARY PROGRAM WITH DAILY DRILLS AND PRECISION GANGSTER MANEUVERS.
HUP, HUP, HUP... ONE, TWO..., ABOUT, *FACE!* SINGLE LINE, *MARCH!*
CHEE! DISS IS DE NUTS!
WEEKS LATER, AND THE *FIRING SQUAD* IS READY TO PROCEED WITH ITS BLACK CAMPAIGN!
COPPERS-- WATCH OUT!
FIRE!
BANG!
THAT AFTERNOON...
SAVINGS BANK
SQUAD, FALL IN! MAKE IT SNAPPY! THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE'N FIVE MINUTES!
RIGHT, GENERAL!

SIX UNIFORMED GANGSTERS, LED BY A GRIM-FACED LEADER, MARCH INTO THE BANK ...
WHAT IN ERIN! --LOOKS LIKE A MILITARY STICK-UP!
AS THE TELLER'S FINGER REACHES FOR THE ALARM ...
SQUAD, FIRE!
AGHRR--
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS
ANYONE ELSE TRYING TO SEND AN ALARM WILL RECEIVE THE SAME!
THE FIRING SQUAD MARCHES OUT IN MILITARY ORDER, WITH TWO MEN COVERING THE RETREAT!
TO THE CARS!
CHEE! DIS WOIKS TO A "T"!
SUDDENLY A DARK, SIGNIFICANT SHADOW FALLS AT THEIR FEET-- THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
YIPES! THE ANGEL!
STEADY, MEN!
SQUAD. FIRE!
AND I THOUGHT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS WERE FANTASTIC!
DIDN'T COUNT ON ME, EH?
U-HHH!
OWW-W!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, ANGEL! THESE BRASS KNUCKLES WILL COVER UP MY ERROR!

BREAKING THEIR FORMATION, THE GRIM GANGSTERS RUSH FOR THEIR CARS!
MAYBE WE SHOULD PLUG THAT ANGEL GUY?
NO! HE WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!
WOW! THEY GOT AWAY!-- --WHAT'S THIS ON THE GROUND?
--A WALLET! MUST'VE BEEN DROPPED BY THE FELLOW I WAS FIGHTING --- HMM! A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY! --- DANIEL POLL --- HERE'S AN ADDRESS CARD, TOO --- HOTEL REGENT!
LATER...
YES? DANNY POLL? --ROOM 1012
THANK YOU!
HOTEL REGENT
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING THAT WILL INTEREST YOU, MR. POLL!
HMM! COME IN, PLEASE!
1012
YOU DROPPED THIS IN YOUR FIGHT WITH ME TODAY-- REMEMBER?
YOU'RE THE ANGEL!
SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH SOLDIERS OF DEATH!-- THE FIRING SQUAD!
YOU'RE FOOLISH, ANGEL, COMING HERE ALONE!
MY PURPOSE WASN'T TO TURN YOU IN, DANNY, NOT YET, AT LEAST!


FOR BEING SUCH A NICE GUY AND NOT CALLING THE COPS, I'M GOING TO LET YOU GO! --OUT THE WINDOW!
HOW CONSIDERATE OF YOU!
SEIZING THE ANGEL, THE FIRING SQUAD HEAVES HIM OUT OF THE WINDOW TEN FLOORS ABOVE THE PAVEMENT!
ONE--TWO--THREE! OUT!
NICE TIMING, BOYS! NOW LET'S GET TOGETHER --I HAVE THE MOST IMPORTANT JOB OF ALL TO COMPLETE!
BUT THE ANGEL'S FINGERS HAVE FOUND A LIFE-SAVING EDGE --A PAINTER'S SCAFFOLD!
LOOKS MIGHTY HARD DOWN THERE! BETTER BOOST MYSELF UP OR THE WHITE WINGS'LL HAVE A MESSY JOB TO DO!
HMM! I COULD HOIST MYSELF UP ON THIS SCAFFOLD!
THIS IS A KIDNAP JOB, --MAJOR CALLEN'S SON! MAJOR CALLEN INHERITED A FORTUNE WHEN HIS FATHER DIED. YOU'RE GOING TO GET MOST OF THE HERITAGE --AND I SHALL GET REVENGE!
KIDNAPPING--REVENGE--I DON'T GET IT!
THE ANGEL HOISTS HIMSELF TO THE ROOF AND ---
I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, SO I'M GOING TO WARN MAJOR CULLEN AS THE ANGEL!
IN HIS STUDY AT HIS HOME, MAJOR CALLEN SUDDENLY LOOKS UP! ...
THAT SHADOW! THE ANGEL!
YES, MAJOR CALLEN! THE ANGEL ON URGENT BUSINESS!

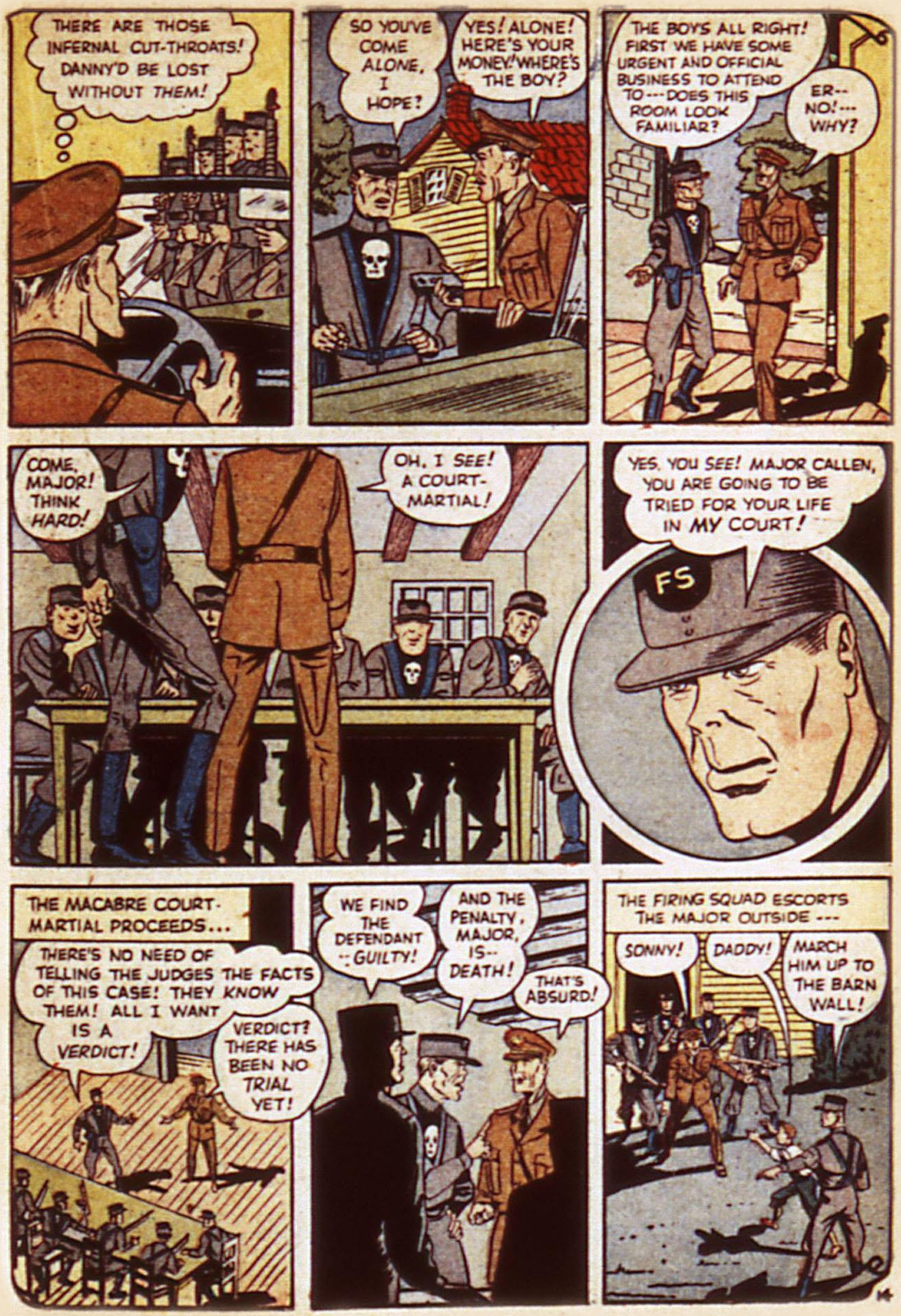
MAJOR CALLEN-- DO YOU KNOW DANNY POLL?
Y-YES! IS HE ALIVE? HE WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR ATTACKING ME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO!
OH! NO WONDER HE'S OUT FOR REVENGE! HE'S GOING TO KIDNAP YOUR SON! --IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!
H-HE CAN'T! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
YES, CHIEF HANNIGAN! YOU'D BETTER SEND THEM OVER AT ONCE!
WHAT'S THAT?
NO FUNNY MOVES! FOOLED YOU, ANGEL! IT'S ALWAYS GOOD MILITARY PROCEDURE TO ATTACK BEFORE THE TIME PLANNED! EH, MAJOR?
FS
DANNY POLL-- Y-YOU?
THIS GUY'S A MILITARY GENIUS!
YOU REMEMBER ME, MAJOR! FIFTEEN YEARS IN PRISON ARE MARKED ON MY FACE! --FIFTEEN YEARS WHICH YOU ARE GOING TO PAY FOR-- IN BLOOD!
DAN--
HERE'S THE KID, DANNY!
HMM! LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU, MAJOR!
N-NO! DANNY! DON'T HURT MY BOY!
BE REASONABLE!
REASONABLE? --YOU SQUIRMING SNAKE! WERE YOU REASONABLE AT THE TRIAL? DON'T WORRY! --I'M NO KID KILLER! GET AGAINST THE WALL YOURSELF! --YOU TOO, ANGEL! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EVER LIVED AFTER THAT DROP FROM THE WINDOW, BUT I'M GOING TO DRAW THE FINAL CURTAIN ON YOU TWO NOW -- FOR GOOD!

THE GRISLY SQUAD OF EXECUTIONERS IS LINED UP!
SQUAD, READY-- AIM---
WHERE ARE THE POLICE? THIS IS A HECK OF A TIME FOR THEM TO HAVE A FLAT TIRE!
DADDY!
BUT, SUDDENLY, A WOMAN'S PLAINTIVE CRY IS HEARD!
MOMMY! THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT DADDY!
EEEEE! STOP!
MARIE! MARIE! YOU'VE MARRIED HIM!
DANNY POLL! YOU'VE COME BACK TO TORTURE US! YOU'RE FREE NOW! WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE US ALONE?
FREE? I'VE EVERY COP IN THE STATE LOOKING FOR ME AND THEY WON'T GET ME UNTIL YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD!
WITH THE EYES OF THE FIRING SQUAD FOCUSSED ON THEIR LEADER, THE ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION!
IT'S MY BIG CHANCE! NOW OR NEVER!
HEY! LEGGO THE GUN!
AS YOU SAY, CHUMP!
OWTCH!
OOOMPH!
IT'S ABOUT TIME I DISH OUT A LITTLE REVENGE, MYSELF, DANNY POLL!
OH!
HUH?
AS THE ANGEL PINS DANNY DOWN, THE DOOR IS BURST OPEN!
AH! LOOKS AS IF THE POLICE HAVE FIXED THAT FLAT TIRE!
HEY! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!
COPPERS!

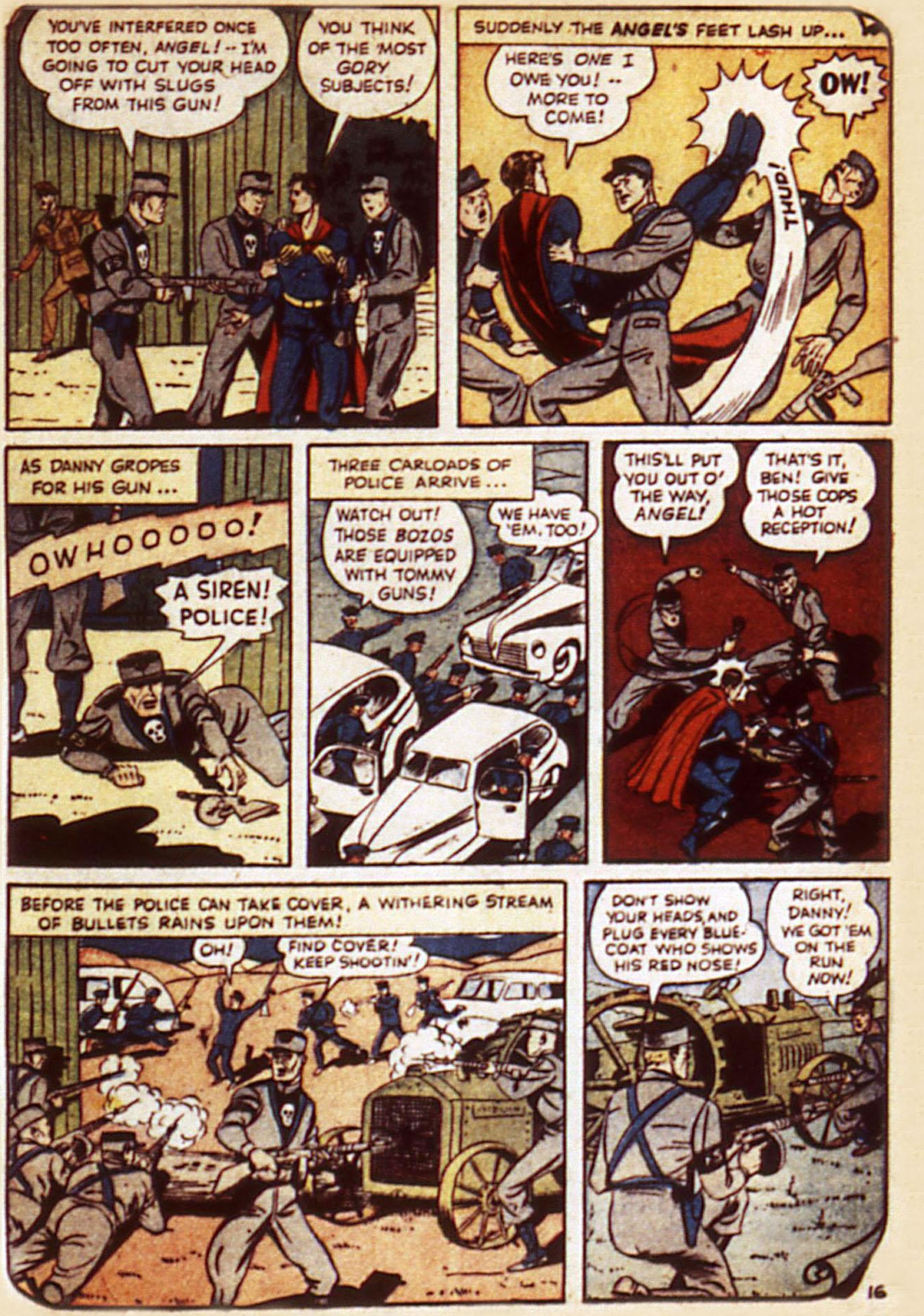
TRY SOME WARM SOUP, COPPERS!
UHH!
RATATATA
RATATATATAT
UGHRR!
THE *FIRING SQUAD* RUNS FOR THE DOOR!
LET'S BEAT IT!
YEAH! WE'LL GET DANNY OUT OF THIS LATER!
THEY GOT AWAY! MURDERED TWO OF OUR MEN!
WELL, HERE'S THE LEADER! TAKE HIM!
YOU BUTCHERER! YOU'LL BURN FOR *THIS!*
I MISSED THE FIRING SQUAD ONCE, REMEMBER?
LATER ... IN JAIL ---
*NO!* I DON'T WANT TO SEE MRS. CULLEN! TELL HER TO GO AWAY!
OKAY, PAL! KEEP YOUR STRIPES ON!
THE TRIAL OPENS WITH THE STATE CALLING ITS FIRST WITNESS ...
MAJOR CULLEN TO THE STAND, PLEASE!
OH, JOHN!
THERE'S NOTHING TO *FEAR,* DEAR!
THEN...
FIND OUT WHAT THAT *COMMOTION* IS OUTSIDE THE COURT AND QUIET IT DOWN!
LOOKS LIKE *TROUBLE!*
BUT THE "*COMMOTION*" GETS LOUDER! AND MACHINE-GUNS BEGIN TO RATTLE AS THE COURT-ROOM DOOR OPENS!
THE FIRING SQUAD!
AGHR!
WE'RE COMIN', BOSS! DESE COPPERS AIN'T GONNA STOP US!
RATATA --
RATATATATAT--

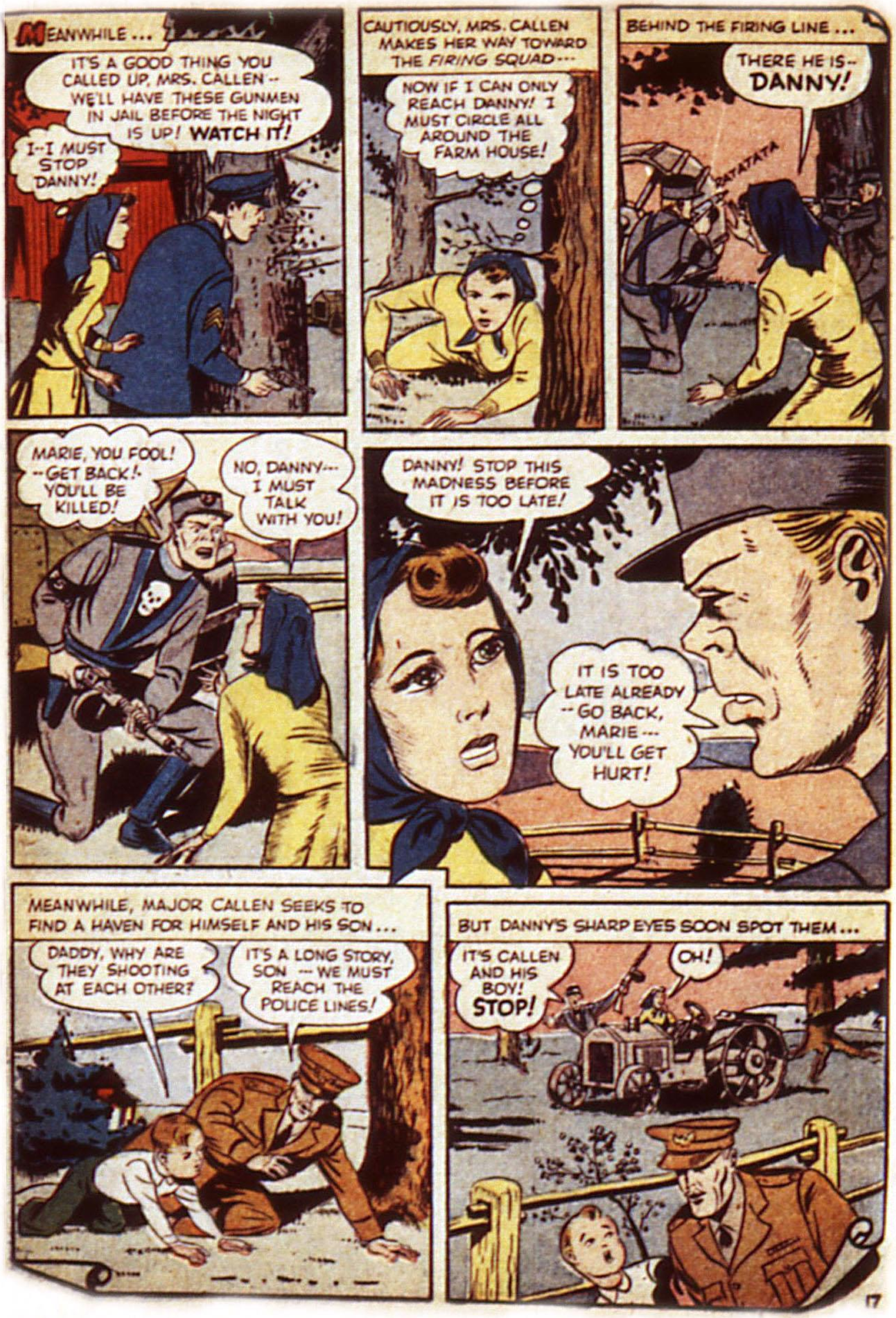
HERE Y'ARE, DANNY! USE THIS RATTLE!
THANKS, BEN!
C'MON, SONNY! YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE YOUR FOLKS FOR A WHILE!
DANNY! STOP!
NO! NO! I WANT MY MOMMY!
QUICKLY, THE ANGEL LEAPS FOR DANNY!
WHY DON'T YOU STOP.., YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!
AND WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS?
HAVE SOME TEETH EXTRACTED FOR NOTHING!
WOW!
THE FIRING SQUAD BOLTS FOR THE DOOR!
SOUP 'EM UP, BOYS!
YEAH! HA! SOUP 'EM UP WITH HOT LEAD!
RATATATATA
RATATATATA
THERE'S OUR CHARIOTS, CHIEF! WE KIN USE THE OLD COUNTRY-HOUSE HIDE-OUT!
LOOKS LIKE THE TRAINING I GAVE YOU MUGS DIDN'T GO TO WASTE!
LATE AGAIN! OWWW! MY JAW!

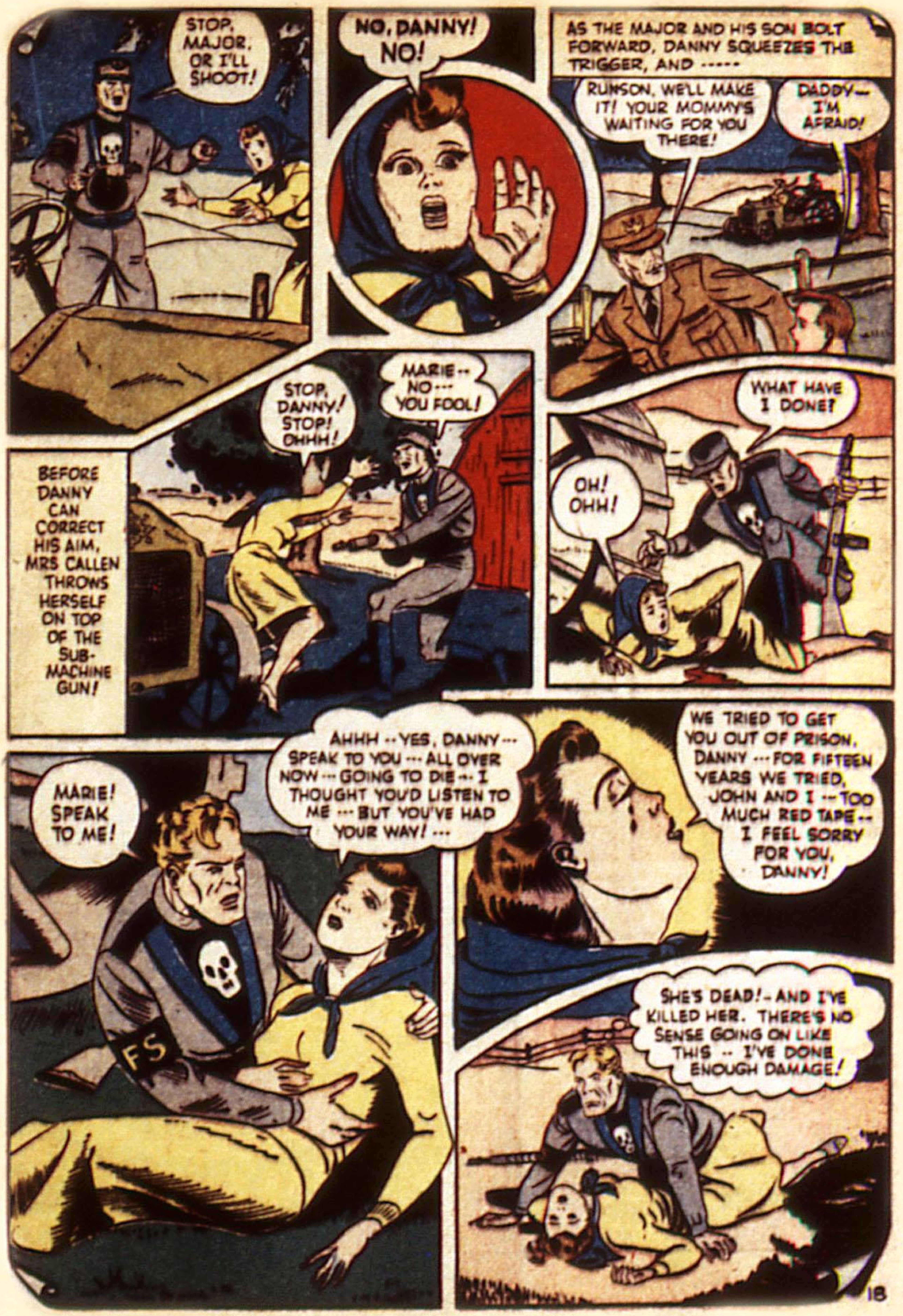
THE NEXT DAY, AT MAJOR CALLEN'S HOME ...
IT'S A NOTE FROM DANNY-- SLIPPED IN OUR MAILBOX!
I'D BETTER CALL THE ANGEL!
THE ANGEL ARRIVES!
HMM! "IF YOU WANT YOUR SON, HAVE $20,000. READY. INSTRUCTIONS WILL FOLLOW!"
THEY SHOULD HAVE SHOT DANNY FIFTEEN YEARS AGO!
WHAT SHALL WE DO?
IT'S UP TO YOU, MAJOR CALLEN!
I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE! I KNOW HE WANTS MY LIFE! -IT'S MY SON- OR ME!
OH, JOHN! IT'S SURE DEATH!
THE MAJOR IS RIGHT! HE MUST RISK IT AND GO! EVERYTHING SHOULD TURN OUT ALL RIGHT! WE'LL WAIT FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!
LATER... ANOTHER NOTE!
"YOU WILL COME ALONE AND TURN IN AT THE FIRST FARM-HOUSE PAST THE WILLOW ROAD INTERSECTION ON THE MERRITT HIGHWAY. DO NOT CALL THE POLICE, OR ---- THE FIRING SQUAD."
MERRITT HIGHWAY, EH?
WE'LL LEAVE AT ONCE, ANGEL!
I NEVER DREAMED DANNY WOULD GO TO THIS EXTREME TO GET BACK AT ME!
HE'S A DANGEROUSLY CLEVER MAN BUT, LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, HE'LL DESTROY HIMSELF!
THERE'S THE FARMHOUSE! I'D BETTER GET OUT NOW - YOU GO UP ALONE! -- COURAGE, NOW!
I ONLY HOPE THAT DANNY WILL KEEP HIS WORD!

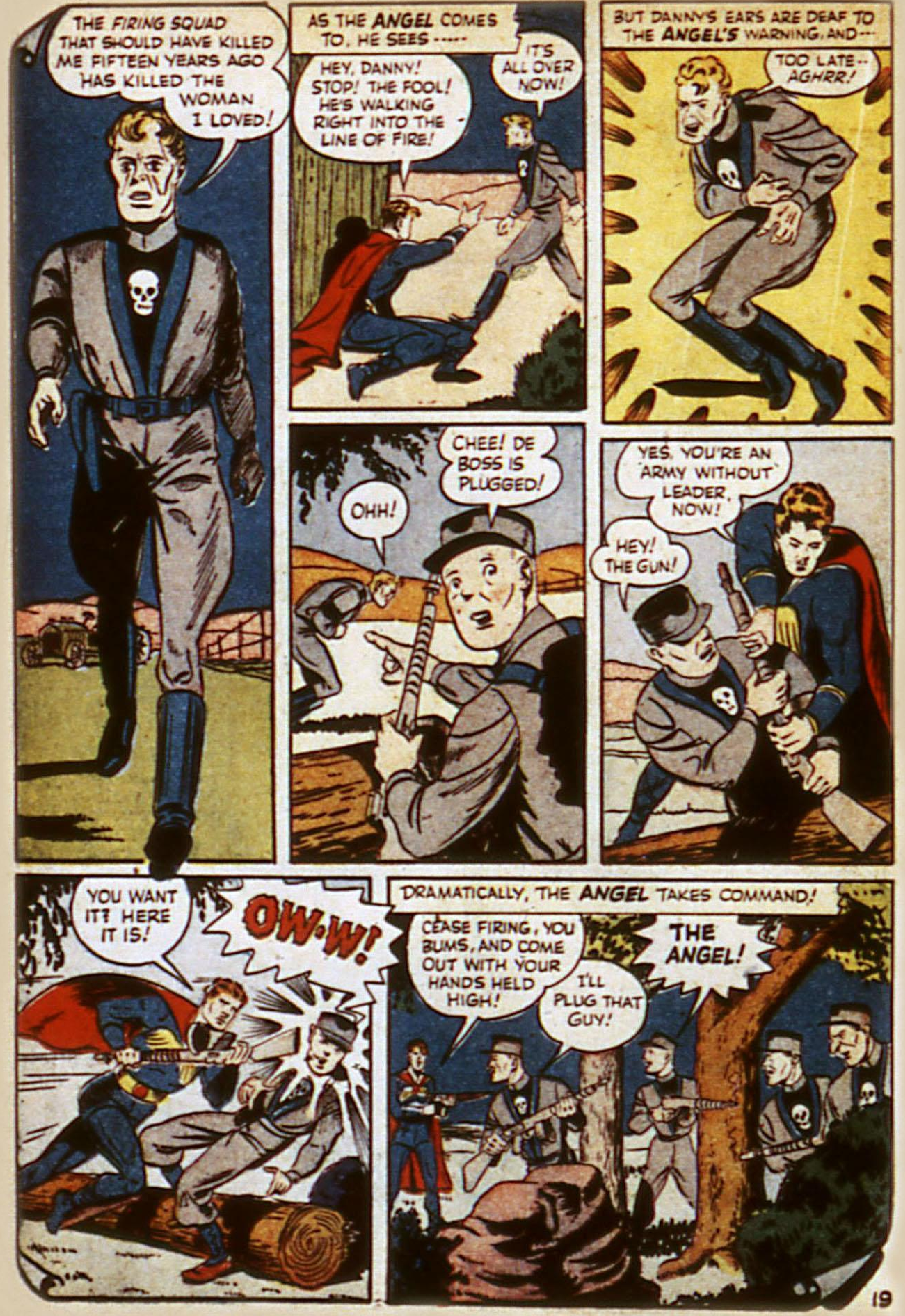

THERE ARE THOSE INFERNAL CUT-THROATS! DANNY'D BE LOST WITHOUT THEM!
SO YOU'VE COME ALONE, I HOPE?
YES! ALONE! HERE'S YOUR MONEY! WHERE'S THE BOY?
THE BOY'S ALL RIGHT! FIRST WE HAVE SOME URGENT AND OFFICIAL BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO --- DOES THIS ROOM LOOK FAMILIAR?
ER-- NO!--- WHY?
COME, MAJOR! THINK HARD!
OH, I SEE! A COURT-MARTIAL!
YES, YOU SEE! MAJOR CALLEN, YOU ARE GOING TO BE TRIED FOR YOUR LIFE IN MY COURT!
FS
THE MACABRE COURT-MARTIAL PROCEEDS...
THERE'S NO NEED OF TELLING THE JUDGES THE FACTS OF THIS CASE! THEY KNOW THEM! ALL I WANT IS A VERDICT!
VERDICT? THERE HAS BEEN NO TRIAL YET!
WE FIND THE DEFENDANT -- GUILTY!
AND THE PENALTY, MAJOR, IS-- DEATH!
THAT'S ABSURD!
THE FIRING SQUAD ESCORTS THE MAJOR OUTSIDE ---
SONNY!
DADDY!
MARCH HIM UP TO THE BARN WALL!

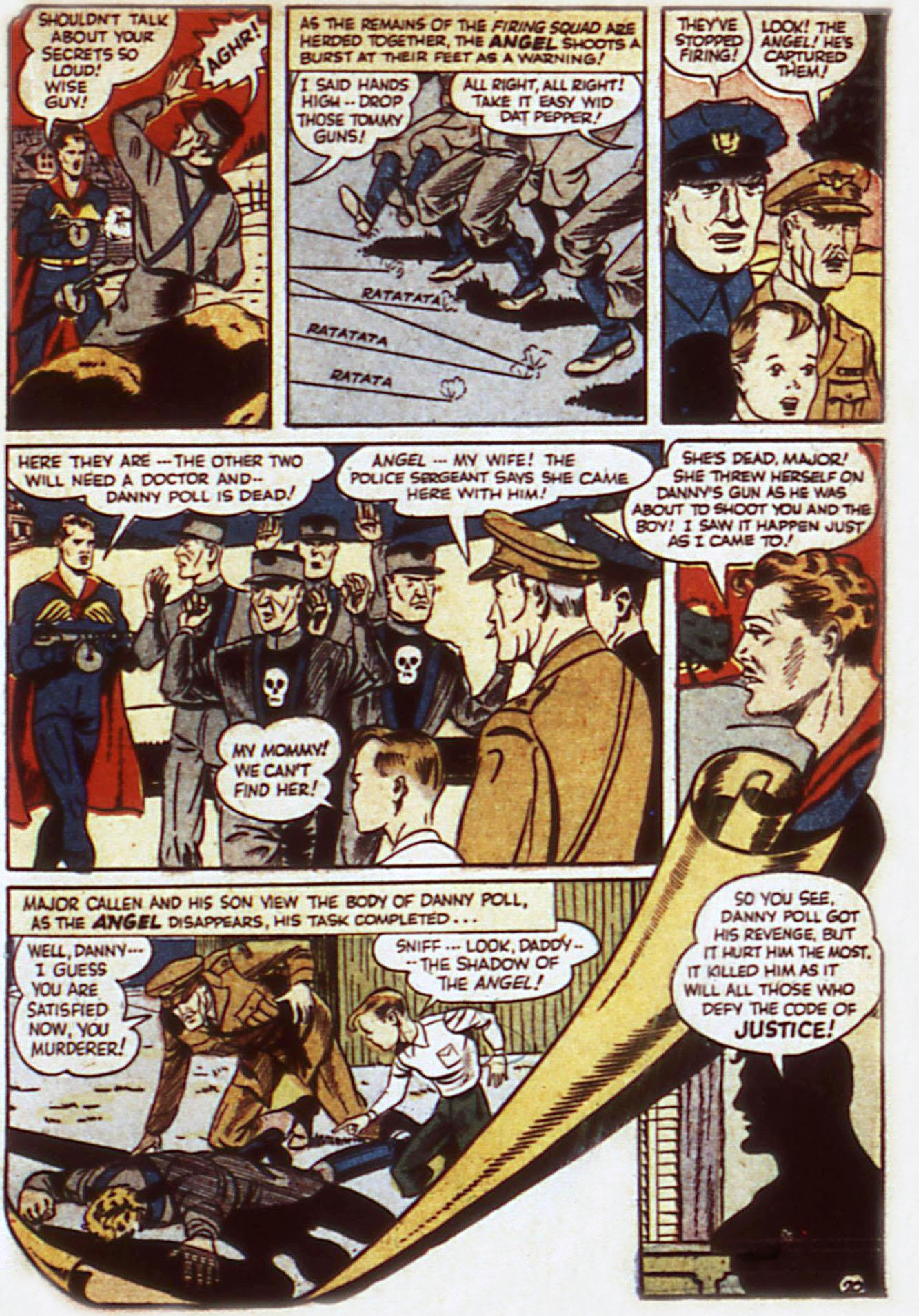
READY... AIM... ?
BUT, BEFORE THE FINAL COMMAND CAN BE ISSUED...
HOLD YOUR FIRE, DODOS! --- I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO FLAME ABOUT!
THE ANGEL!
GIVE ME THAT DEATH-RATTLER, CASANOVA!
HEY!
AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A SECOND EDITION OF THE MISSING LINK!
UP WITH EM, ANGEL!
CRACK!
IT'S IMPOLITE TO TALK BEHIND ONE'S BACK!
UGH!
SUDDENLY A HAIL OF SLUGS HURTLES THE MACHINE-GUN OUT OF THE ANGEL'S GRIP!
OW-W! THAT HURTS!
DROP IT, ANGEL, AND STAND STILL!


YOU'VE INTERFERED ONCE TOO OFTEN, ANGEL! -- I'M GOING TO CUT YOUR HEAD OFF WITH SLUGS FROM THIS GUN!
YOU THINK OF THE MOST GORY SUBJECTS!
SUDDENLY THE ANGEL'S FEET LASH UP...
HERE'S ONE I OWE YOU! -- MORE TO COME!
OW!
THUD!
AS DANNY GROPES FOR HIS GUN...
OWHOOOOO!
A SIREN! POLICE!
THREE CARLOADS OF POLICE ARRIVE...
WATCH OUT! THOSE BOZOS ARE EQUIPPED WITH TOMMY GUNS!
WE HAVE 'EM, TOO!
THIS'LL PUT YOU OUT O' THE WAY, ANGEL!
THAT'S IT, BEN! GIVE THOSE COPS A HOT RECEPTION!
BEFORE THE POLICE CAN TAKE COVER, A WITHERING STREAM OF BULLETS RAINS UPON THEM!
OH!
FIND COVER! KEEP SHOOTIN'!
DON'T SHOW YOUR HEADS, AND PLUG EVERY BLUE-COAT WHO SHOWS HIS RED NOSE!
RIGHT, DANNY! WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN NOW!


MEANWHILE ...
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CALLED UP, MRS. CALLEN -- WE'LL HAVE THESE GUNMEN IN JAIL BEFORE THE NIGHT IS UP! WATCH IT!
I--I MUST STOP DANNY!
CAUTIOUSLY, MRS. CALLEN MAKES HER WAY TOWARD THE FIRING SQUAD ...
NOW IF I CAN ONLY REACH DANNY! I MUST CIRCLE ALL AROUND THE FARM HOUSE!
BEHIND THE FIRING LINE ...
THERE HE IS-- DANNY!
RATATATA
MARIE, YOU FOOL! --GET BACK!- YOU'LL BE KILLED!
NO, DANNY--- I MUST TALK WITH YOU!
DANNY! STOP THIS MADNESS BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
IT IS TOO LATE ALREADY --GO BACK, MARIE --- YOU'LL GET HURT!
MEANWHILE, MAJOR CALLEN SEEKS TO FIND A HAVEN FOR HIMSELF AND HIS SON ...
DADDY, WHY ARE THEY SHOOTING AT EACH OTHER?
IT'S A LONG STORY, SON --- WE MUST REACH THE POLICE LINES!
BUT DANNY'S SHARP EYES SOON SPOT THEM ...
IT'S CALLEN AND HIS BOY! STOP!
OH!


STOP, MAJOR, OR I'LL SHOOT!
NO, DANNY! NO!
AS THE MAJOR AND HIS SON BOLT FORWARD, DANNY SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, AND -----
RUNSON, WE'LL MAKE IT! YOUR MOMMY'S WAITING FOR YOU THERE!
DADDY— I'M AFRAID!
STOP, DANNY! STOP! OHHH!
MARIE -- NO --- YOU FOOL!
BEFORE DANNY CAN CORRECT HIS AIM, MRS CALLEN THROWS HERSELF ON TOP OF THE SUB-MACHINE GUN!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
OH! OHH!
MARIE! SPEAK TO ME!
FS
AHHH -- YES, DANNY --- SPEAK TO YOU --- ALL OVER NOW --- GOING TO DIE -- I THOUGHT YOU'D LISTEN TO ME --- BUT YOU'VE HAD YOUR WAY! ---
WE TRIED TO GET YOU OUT OF PRISON, DANNY --- FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WE TRIED, JOHN AND I -- TOO MUCH RED TAPE -- I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, DANNY!
SHE'S DEAD! - AND I'VE KILLED HER. THERE'S NO SENSE GOING ON LIKE THIS -- I'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE!


THE FIRING SQUAD THAT SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO HAS KILLED THE WOMAN I LOVED!
AS THE ANGEL COMES TO, HE SEES -----
HEY, DANNY! STOP! THE FOOL! HE'S WALKING RIGHT INTO THE LINE OF FIRE!
IT'S ALL OVER NOW!
BUT DANNY'S EARS ARE DEAF TO THE ANGEL'S WARNING, AND---
TOO LATE-- AGHRR!
CHEE! DE BOSS IS PLUGGED!
OHH!
YES, YOU'RE AN 'ARMY WITHOUT' LEADER, NOW!
HEY! THE GUN!
YOU WANT IT? HERE IT IS!
OW-W!
DRAMATICALLY, THE ANGEL TAKES COMMAND!
CEASE FIRING, YOU BUMS, AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS HELD HIGH!
THE ANGEL!
I'LL PLUG THAT GUY!


SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT YOUR SECRETS SO LOUD! WISE GUY!
AGHR!
AS THE REMAINS OF THE *FIRING SQUAD* ARE HERDED TOGETHER, THE **ANGEL** SHOOTS A BURST AT THEIR FEET AS A WARNING!
I SAID HANDS HIGH -- DROP THOSE TOMMY GUNS!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! TAKE IT EASY WID DAT PEPPER!
RATATATA
RATATATA
RATATA
THEY'VE STOPPED FIRING!
LOOK! THE *ANGEL!* HE'S CAPTURED THEM!
HERE THEY ARE --- THE OTHER TWO WILL NEED A DOCTOR AND-- DANNY POLL IS DEAD!
*ANGEL* --- MY WIFE! THE POLICE SERGEANT SAYS SHE CAME HERE WITH HIM!
MY MOMMY! WE CAN'T FIND HER!
SHE'S DEAD, MAJOR! SHE THREW HERSELF ON DANNY'S GUN AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT YOU AND THE BOY! I SAW IT HAPPEN JUST AS I CAME TO!
MAJOR CALLEN AND HIS SON VIEW THE BODY OF DANNY POLL, AS THE **ANGEL** DISAPPEARS, HIS TASK COMPLETED . . .
WELL, DANNY--- I GUESS YOU ARE SATISFIED NOW, YOU MURDERER!
SNIFF --- LOOK, DADDY-- --THE SHADOW OF THE *ANGEL!*
SO YOU SEE, DANNY POLL GOT HIS REVENGE, BUT IT HURT HIM THE MOST. IT KILLED HIM AS IT WILL ALL THOSE WHO DEFY THE CODE OF **JUSTICE!**

# MERCY FLIGHT

### By J. D. TRIEM

FAR DOWN THE VALLEY Phil could see lengthening shadows slip away over the hills in the wake of the setting sun. It was time for Jim to get here. Phil grinned as he realized that Jim would probably be tinkering with his model airplane until the last minute, would probably even lug one up here with him!

Phil heard footsteps and turned, expecting to see Jim, but the grin of welcome froze as he saw, instead, the two men watching him, one with a revolver. "Stand still!" the man with the gun ordered. "Or you'll be finished!"

"There's nothing of any value here." Phil kept his body ready. "This is a look-out station—"

"Save your breath, mister. If there's anything we want we'll find it and help ourselves!" He glanced aside at his companion. "Carl, you take a look around while I keep an eye on our nibs here."

It was suddenly very hot in the little building. Phil felt sweat upon his face, more running down the small of his back.

Carl came back. "There's a car out under the trees," he announced triumphantly. "Just what we need. If we can find some grub here . ."

They grew suddenly silent as the sound of whistling came through the open window, with the drowsy evening hum of insects outside. Phil's muscles gathered, for he knew that whistle, knew that Jimmy was here at last to relieve him. Jimmy and his model airplanes! He'd probably even have one with him . . .

The two men slunk into corners. "You try anything smart," Mike warned, "and it'll be curtains, understand?"

Phil knew it wouldn't be a safe gamble. He'd pay with his life for any warning he might yell out to Jim.

Jim stepped into the room, his cheerful grin smoothed all over his face. "Got my latest model outside!" he cried. "And boy, is it a pip. This one carries plenty of fuel. I can set it down almost where I want it. Remember the test flight I made last night? It landed right in old Zeke Conner's place! Was he surprised. Says he's going to buy a tinhat . . ." Jim hesitated and his smile changed to a bewildered frown. He asked, "Hey! You feel all right? You look kind of green around the gills—" He stopped as the two men moved out of their hiding places.

Mike grinned triumphantly over broken, stained teeth. "Funny we didn't hear a plane," he observed. "It'll come in handy, though!"

Jim's healthy young face paled. "It's a model, that's all. Haven't you ever . . . Say, what's going on here, anyway!"

Mike said, "Wait till I tie this other bird, Carl. Then we'll have a look at this plane. If this guy's trying to put anything over on us . . . turn around you!" he ordered, addressing Phil. "And no funny stuff!"

PHIL TURNED obediently, helplessly, knowing he didn't stand a chance. One false move...

Something struck with crushing force and blackness smashed into his face and he stumbled, pitched to the floor in a heap.

His head ached fiercely as he struggled back to consciousness. His hands were bound and he staggered to his feet, listening as voices reached him, Jim's voice explaining. "I told you it was nothing but a model. Don't blame me if it's not what you thought!"

The sharp sound of a vicious blow rang out. Phil's muscles knotted and he fought the ropes binding his hands. He could hear them scuffling. He hurried to the window and peered out, saw that Carl and Mike both were working on Jim mercilessly, pounding him between them. Jim was game, was fighting a brave battle but the odds were too great for any man. It was sickening and Phil felt his body shaking and turned away, unable to stand the sight of Jim's defeat.

He heard bodies hit the ground, heard Jim's involuntary cry of pain. Someone laughed and again there was the sudden sickening sound of a blow. Then for a little while there was just the lazy buzz of a wasp under the eaves.

Phil flung himself against the window. "Jim!" he almost screamed. "You dirty murderers. Jim... Jim . . ." He could see them lugging the inert body away into the woods.

Presently they came back to the shack. "Shut up," Mike warned as they went past the window. "Any more noise out of you and you'll get a dose of sleeping medicine!"

Phil's mind was whirling blindly, crazily. He'd known these men were desperate, but he realized that if he'd put up a battle when he'd had a chance, when there'd been he *and* Jim—

"He didn't do you any harm!" Phil raged. "You left him out there in the brush dead, or bleeding to death—"

Mike opened the door of the shed and stood there menacingly. "If you don't dry up you'll wish you had, see?" He waited then stepped back and slammed and locked the door. He said, "C'mon, Carl. Let's eat. We've got a lot of ground to cover. There's nice new munition factory we've gotta visit. Boy, what a surprise we're going to give a lot of people at the same time. Cracking up back there didn't help any. We'll have some explaining to do as it is!"

They started a fire in the little range. Phil could hear the flames, smell the wood smoke, coffee brewing. He mastered himself, found a nail-head sticking out of the wall. He backed up and started to tear at the rope strands carefully, doggedly. These men were bent upon destruction. Nothing would stop them, not even murder!

He saw them going out with the lantern. It was dark. They were carrying out the few supplies Jim and Phil had kept here in the look-out, were piling them into Phil's car. As soon as they had everything they'd get going.

The ropes gave suddenly and Phil hurried to the window. Mike and Carl were over at the car. Phil stumbled out the window onto hands and knees, leaped up and darted around the corner of the shack.

The stars were bright and the wind rustled in the high grass. Phil raced across to the woods. They'd carried Jim away, over here somewhere—

Jim was lying on his back. He tried to get to his feet as Phil knelt. "Jim!" Phil whispered. "It's me, Phil. Take it easy. Rest—"

"Everything's—all right," Jim babbled. "We — we've got 'em licked . . . okay, Phil . . . I—I see you—I sent for help—"

"You're delirious. Out of your head. Be quiet now. Be quiet!" Phil knelt, swiftly ripping his shirt up, bandaging the gashes on Jim's face and throat as best he could in the dark.

After that Phil turned back, anger raging at white-hot heat inside him. Jim was delirious, out of his head. He'd been hurt badly and needed a doctor.

PHIL CIRCLED through the woods, came up near where the car stood, where Mike and Carl were now standing, piling stuff into the car, getting ready to beat it. They probably had everything from the shack they could use and now they'd drive down into the valley and escape . . .

Phil slid closer. His body was tense, hard, ready. He was close enough to hear Mike say, "Let's go. We've got a lot of traveling ahead of us . . . if we slip up on this job after losing the plane and ourselves, it'll be curtains!"

Phil tensed himself, flung himself upon them. He heard Mike curse. He landed on Mike, flung his arm around his neck, twisted his body around, drove savagely at the dim, evil face.

Carl moved in. He snatched up a heavy limb from the ground and struck with it. Phil whirled aside just in time. Mike tugged his gun out and Phil caught it and twisted the gun hand savagely and Mike yelped sharply with pain, dropped the weapon into the weeds. They were thrashing about, twisting, rolling. Carl hovered close, circling cautiously just out of reach of the thrashing feet. Phil twisted free, swung back and drove his fist into Mike's rising face, sending it back against the side of the car with crushing force. Mike crumpled and lay still.

Carl went floundering away through the grass and Phil hurled himself forward. Carl whirled unexpectedly. "Blast you!" he cursed, panting. "Blast you . . . take this . . ." He swung the heavy limb as Phil leaped in, oblivious of anything except revenge for Jim, lying off there in the woods, delirious, bleeding—

Carl whirled the club up high as Phil stumbled in the weeds. Phil saw the club coming down and twisted his body aside in an effort to evade the blow. It was glancing but it drove him to his knees. "There!" Carl screamed. "There! You asked for it . . . wise guy—"

Pain swept over Phil as again the club fell. He went down onto his face, blindly—

Mike's voice intercepted. "Take it easy! Yank 'em back into the shack. We'll roast him good and proper. Almost broke my jaw. Outright killing's too good for him. Roast the both of them—"

Phil struggled, but it was useless because they picked him up and lugged him back to the shack. There, they bound his hands and feet. He heard them smashing chairs, the table, kicking over the range which fell with a crash. Phil knew what was coming. He fought the ropes holding him, spurred on by the crackle of flames and smoke pungent in his nostrils—

SUDDENLY there were many voices and the crash of a shot. Someone screamed and a figure burst through the flaming door like a phantom out of Hades. Phil felt himself dragged outside, heard the hiss of flames as water was thrown over them. Outside, in the light of many lanterns, he saw men grouped about Mike where he lay in the weeds, his evil face twisted grotesquely while Carl crouched close by. Jim . . .

"Jim's badly hurt!" Phil cried. "He needs a doctor—"

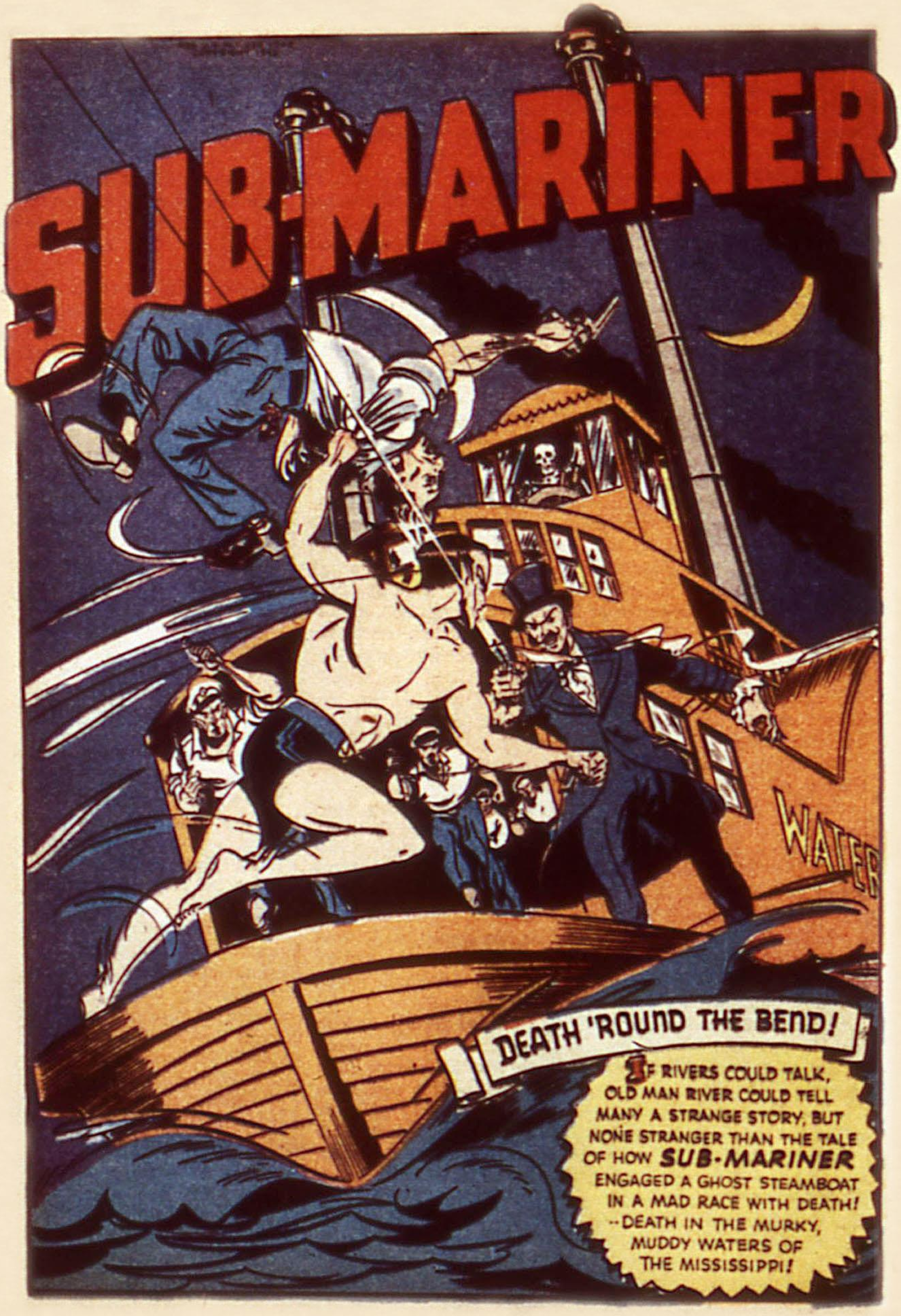
"I'm all right," Jim said as they helped him into the firelight. "You thought I was delirious. I couldn't stop you—"

"That talk about sending for help—"

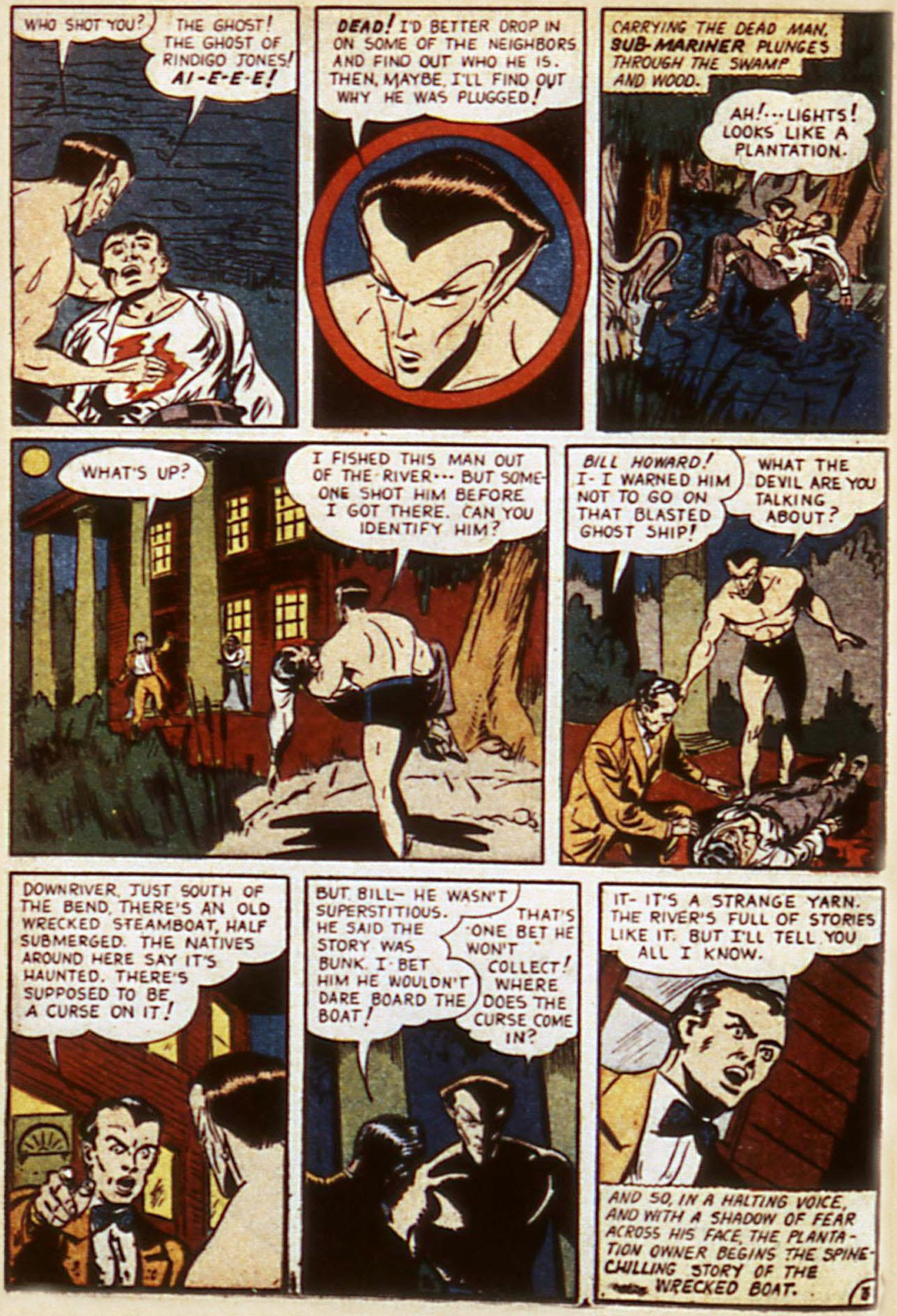
Zeke Conners pushed eagerly forward. "Sure did send for help. That airplane of his . . . I never saw anything like it. Came swooping out of the sky just like the real thing, with a note and all. Special delivery, hey?" Zeke cackled enthusiastically.

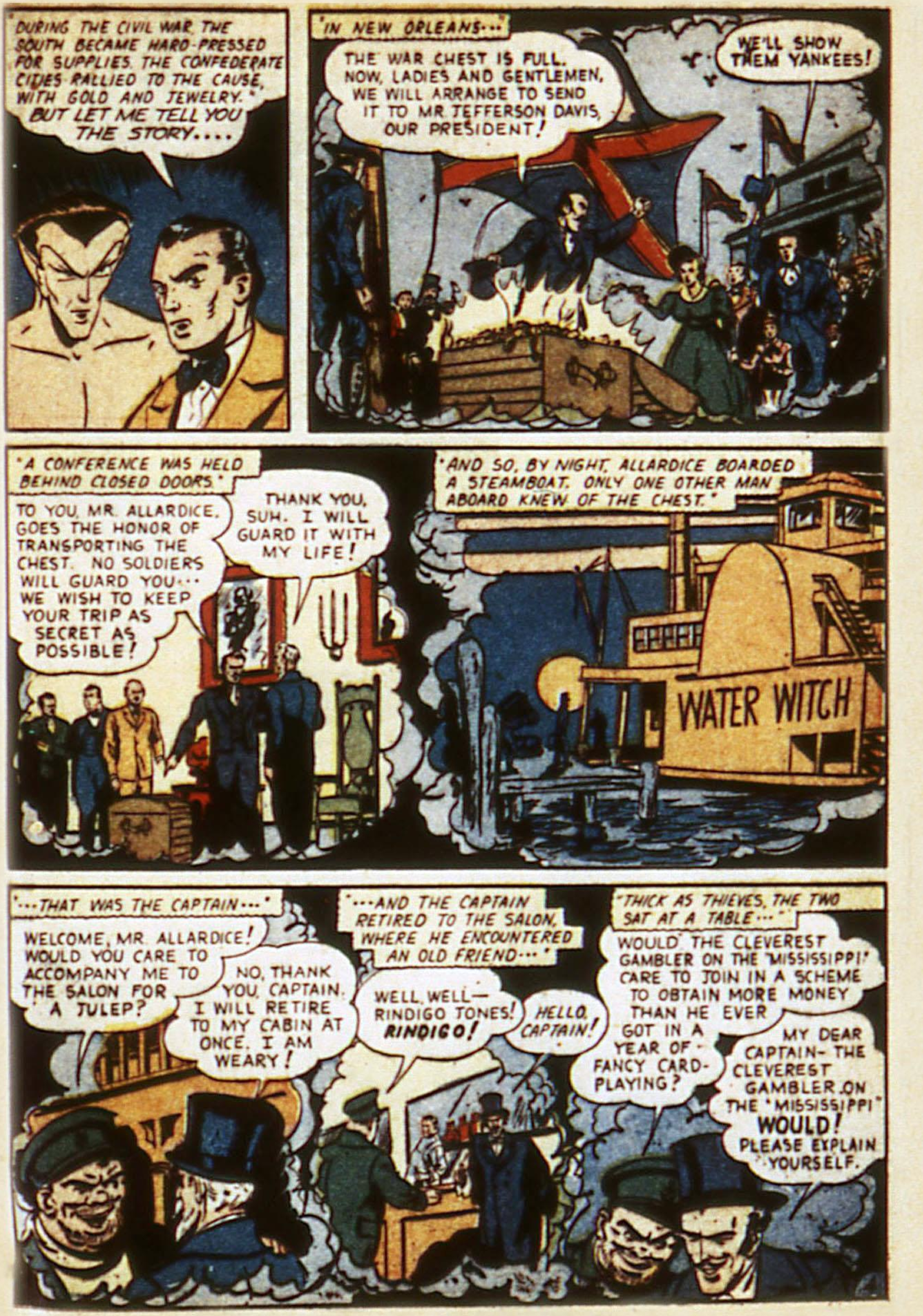
Jim nodded somberly. "When they left me alone I managed to send the plane. I was groggy but not as bad as they thought. It *had* to be a special delivery, Zeke. Boy it took a good plane to make that flight!" Jim added proudly, . . . "*My* plane!"

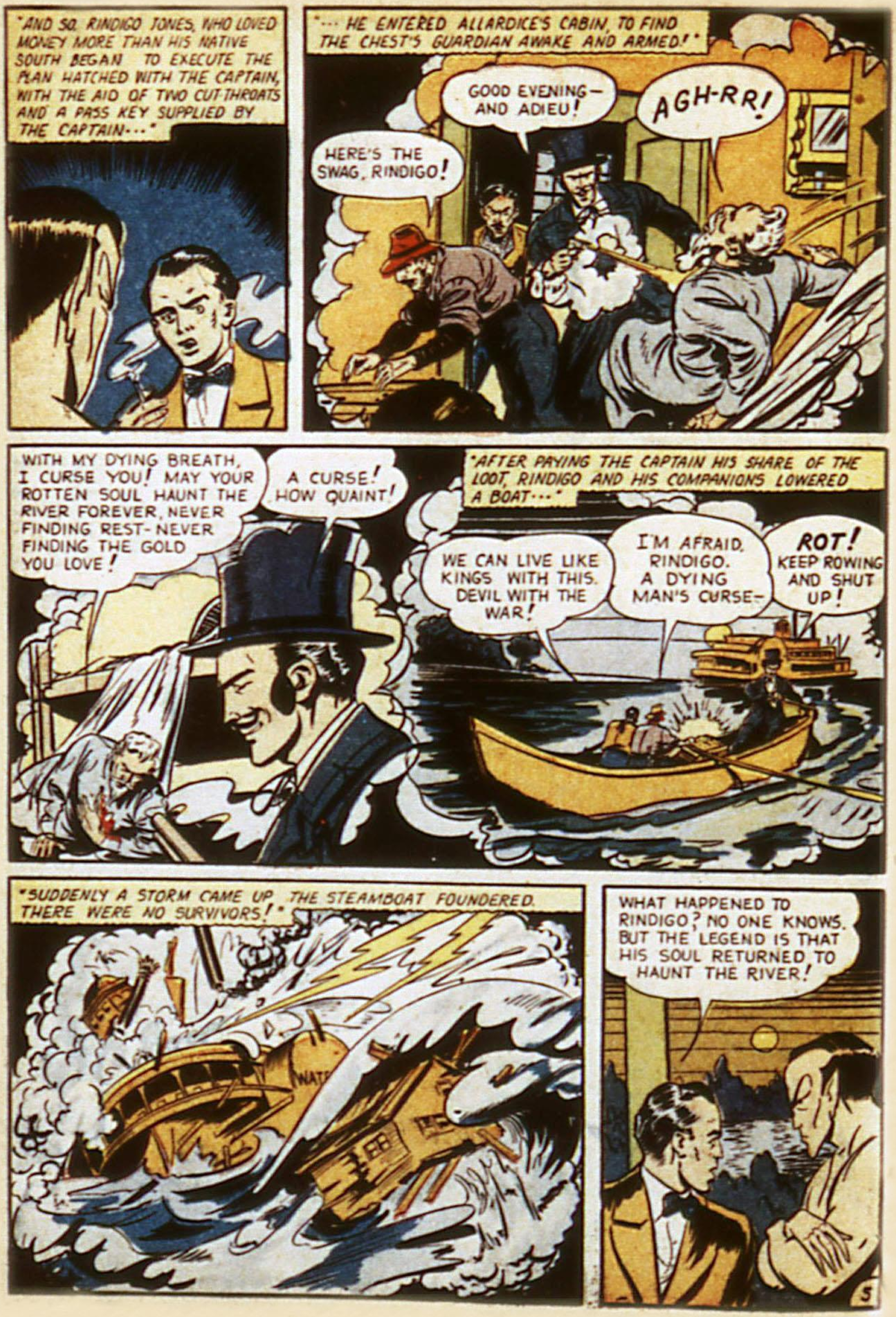
**THE END**

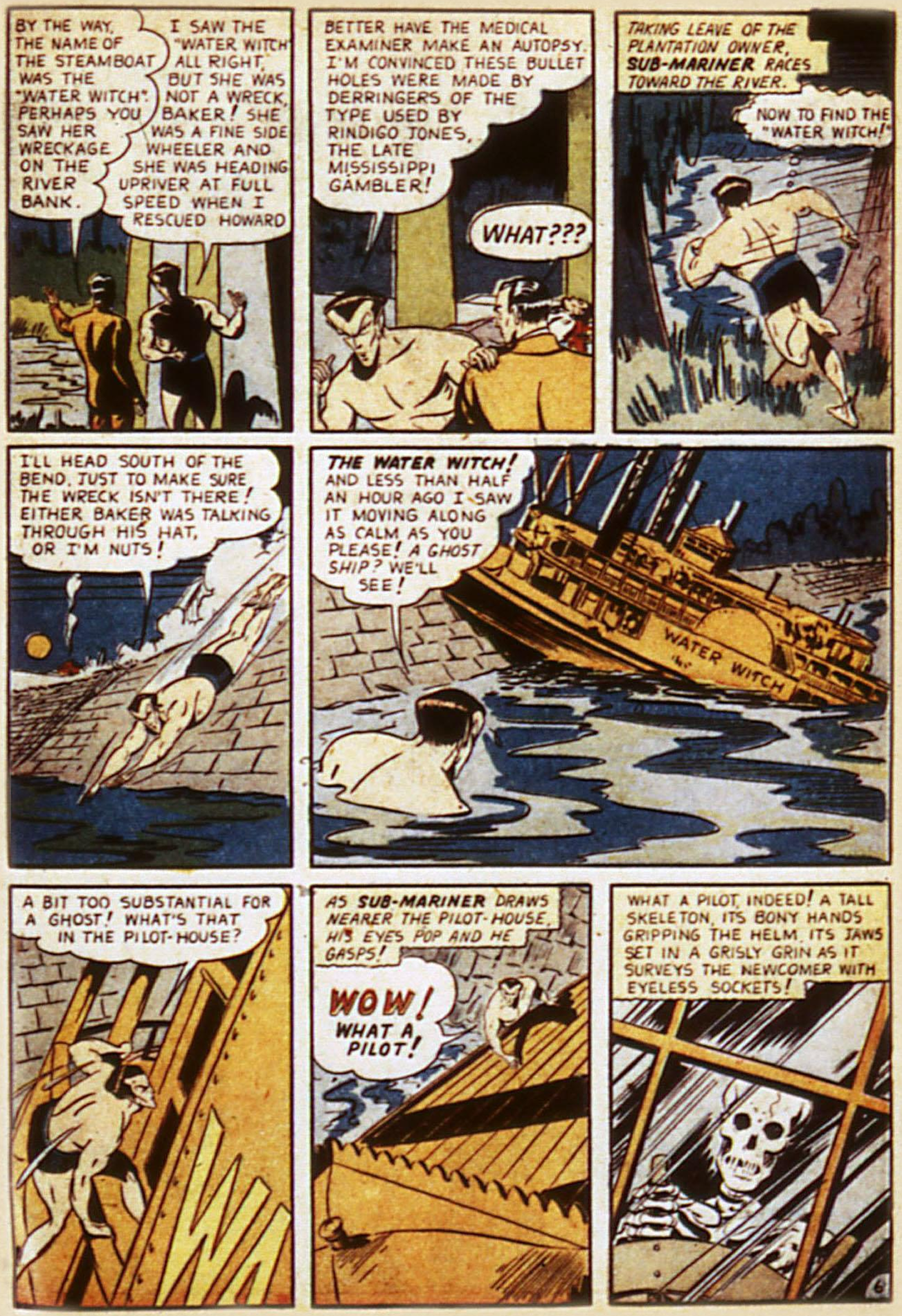

SUB-MARINER
WATER
DEATH 'ROUND THE BEND!
IF RIVERS COULD TALK, OLD MAN RIVER COULD TELL MANY A STRANGE STORY, BUT NONE STRANGER THAN THE TALE OF HOW SUB-MARINER ENGAGED A GHOST STEAMBOAT IN A MAD RACE WITH DEATH! --DEATH IN THE MURKY, MUDDY WATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI!

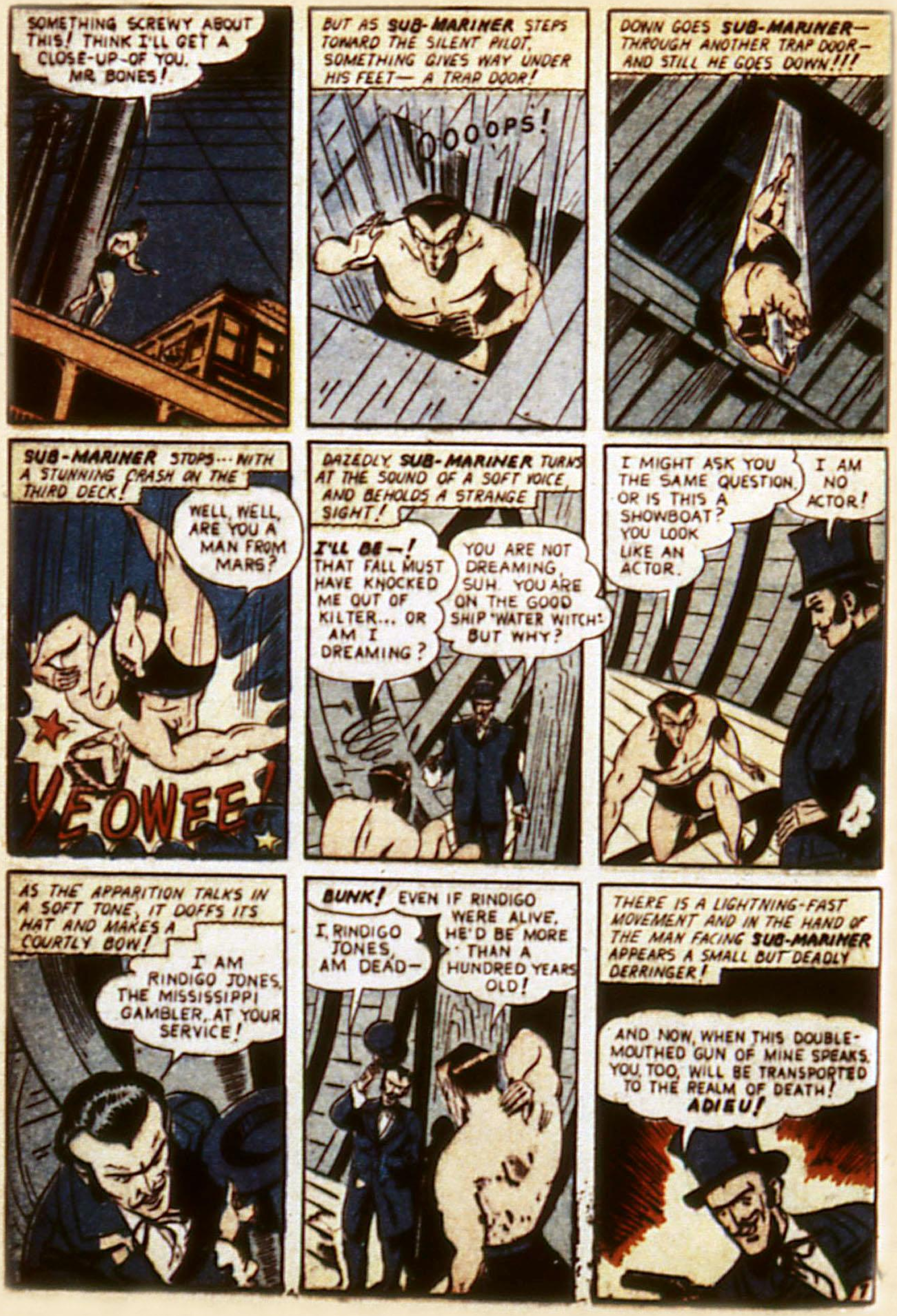
THE TALE BEGINS WITH OUR AQUATIC FRIEND, SUB-MARINER, ENJOYING A DIP IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. FROM THE DISTANCE COMES THE STRUMMING OF A BANJO...
THIS IS THE LIFE! MUSIC, MOONLIGHT... AND NO CRIME! AH!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT THE-? A MAN SCREAMING 'ROUND THE BEND!
YI-I-I-H! -HELP!
MUSCLES LIKE STEEL SPRINGS CARRY SUB-MARINER THROUGH THE WATER.
HE STOPPED SCREAMING- HE MUST BE SINKING!
SPEEDING AROUND THE TURN, HE SEES A PALE HAND IN THE BOILING WAKE OF A STEAMBOAT!
WHOA! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A LAW AGAINST DROWNING WHEN I'M AROUND?
A-G-R-R-R!
THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR FALLING OFF STEAMBOATS! SNAP OUT OF IT! YOU'RE OKAY NOW.
SWIFTLY, SUB-MARINER HAULS HIS GASPING BURDEN TO SHORE.
POOR GUY! HE'S ALL IN!
OH-H-H!
WELL, I'LL BE-! NO WONDER HE'S GROANING... TWIN BULLET HOLES IN HIS CHEST!

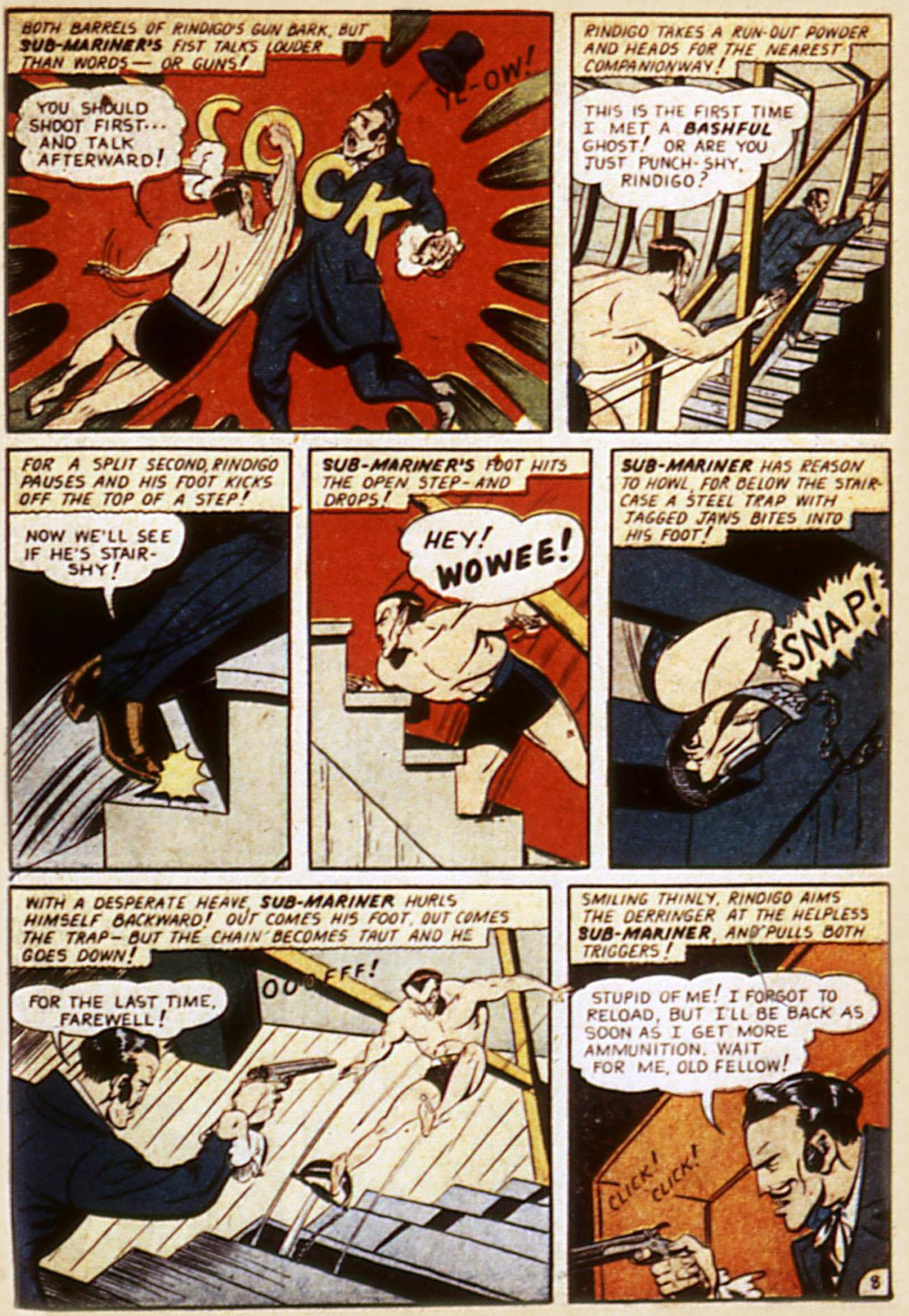

WHO SHOT YOU?
THE GHOST! THE GHOST OF RINDIGO JONES! AI-E-E-E!
DEAD! I'D BETTER DROP IN ON SOME OF THE NEIGHBORS AND FIND OUT WHO HE IS. THEN, MAYBE, I'LL FIND OUT WHY HE WAS PLUGGED!
CARRYING THE DEAD MAN, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES THROUGH THE SWAMP AND WOOD.
AH! ... LIGHTS! LOOKS LIKE A PLANTATION.
WHAT'S UP?
I FISHED THIS MAN OUT OF THE RIVER ... BUT SOMEONE SHOT HIM BEFORE I GOT THERE. CAN YOU IDENTIFY HIM?
BILL HOWARD! I- I WARNED HIM NOT TO GO ON THAT BLASTED GHOST SHIP!
WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
DOWNRIVER, JUST SOUTH OF THE BEND, THERE'S AN OLD WRECKED STEAMBOAT, HALF SUBMERGED. THE NATIVES AROUND HERE SAY IT'S HAUNTED. THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A CURSE ON IT!
BUT BILL- HE WASN'T SUPERSTITIOUS. HE SAID THE STORY WAS BUNK. I BET HIM HE WOULDN'T DARE BOARD THE BOAT!
THAT'S ONE BET HE WON'T COLLECT! WHERE DOES THE CURSE COME IN?
IT- IT'S A STRANGE YARN. THE RIVER'S FULL OF STORIES LIKE IT. BUT I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW.
AND SO, IN A HALTING VOICE, AND WITH A SHADOW OF FEAR ACROSS HIS FACE, THE PLANTATION OWNER BEGINS THE SPINE-CHILLING STORY OF THE WRECKED BOAT.

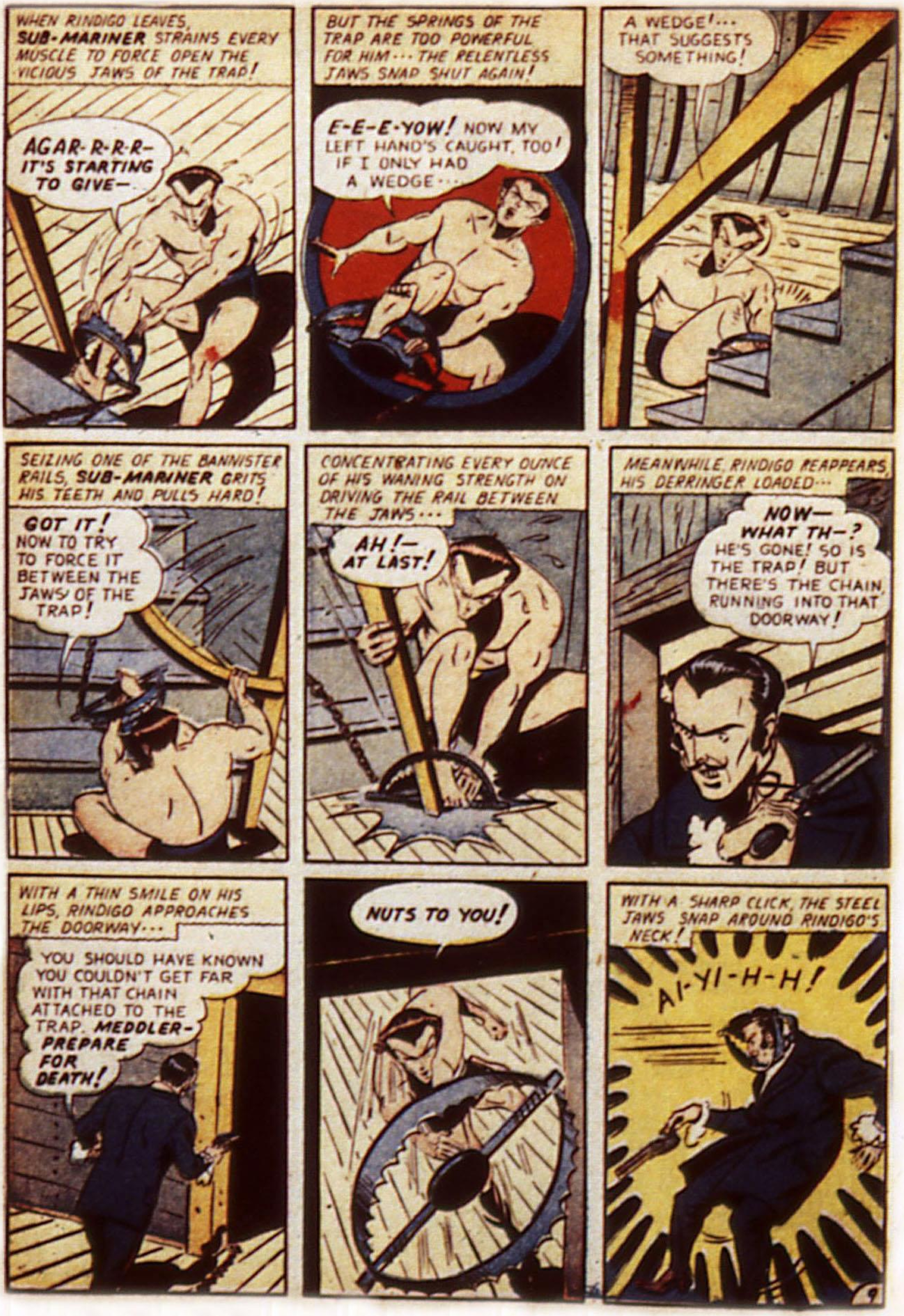

"DURING THE CIVIL WAR, THE SOUTH BECAME HARD-PRESSED FOR SUPPLIES. THE CONFEDERATE CITIES RALLIED TO THE CAUSE, WITH GOLD AND JEWELRY." BUT LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY....
"IN NEW ORLEANS..."
THE WAR CHEST IS FULL. NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WILL ARRANGE TO SEND IT TO MR. TEFFERSON DAVIS, OUR PRESIDENT!
WE'LL SHOW THEM YANKEES!
"A CONFERENCE WAS HELD BEHIND CLOSED DOORS."
TO YOU, MR. ALLARDICE, GOES THE HONOR OF TRANSPORTING THE CHEST. NO SOLDIERS WILL GUARD YOU... WE WISH TO KEEP YOUR TRIP AS SECRET AS POSSIBLE!
THANK YOU, SUH. I WILL GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE!
"AND SO, BY NIGHT, ALLARDICE BOARDED A STEAMBOAT. ONLY ONE OTHER MAN ABOARD KNEW OF THE CHEST."
WATER WITCH
"...THAT WAS THE CAPTAIN..."
WELCOME, MR. ALLARDICE! WOULD YOU CARE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE SALON FOR A JULEP?
NO, THANK YOU, CAPTAIN. I WILL RETIRE TO MY CABIN AT ONCE. I AM WEARY!
"...AND THE CAPTAIN RETIRED TO THE SALON, WHERE HE ENCOUNTERED AN OLD FRIEND..."
WELL, WELL— RINDIGO TONES! RINDIGO!
HELLO, CAPTAIN!
"THICK AS THIEVES, THE TWO SAT AT A TABLE..."
WOULD THE CLEVEREST GAMBLER ON THE "MISSISSIPPI" CARE TO JOIN IN A SCHEME TO OBTAIN MORE MONEY THAN HE EVER GOT IN A YEAR OF FANCY CARD-PLAYING?
MY DEAR CAPTAIN— THE CLEVEREST GAMBLER ON THE "MISSISSIPPI" WOULD! PLEASE EXPLAIN YOURSELF.

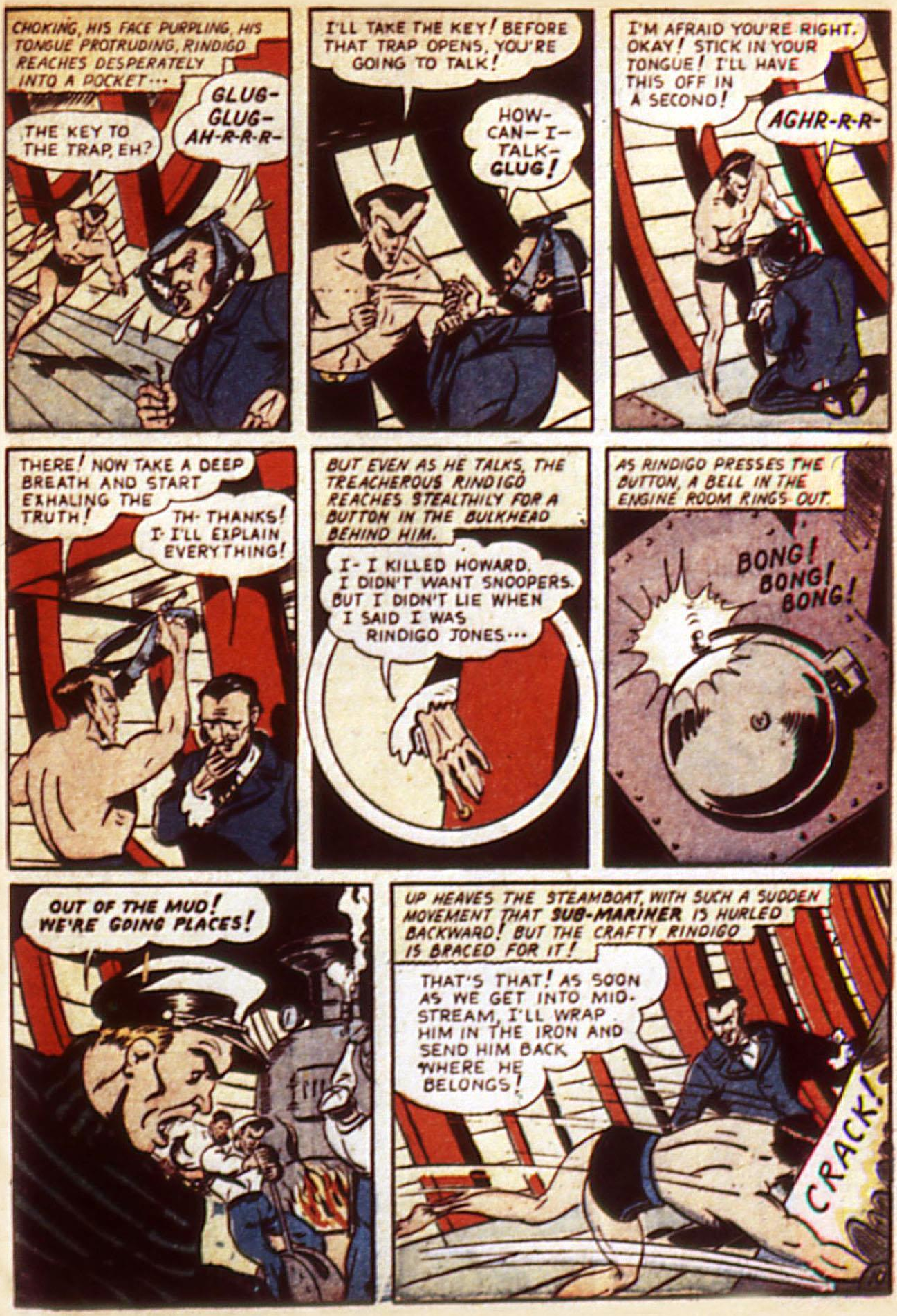

"AND SO, RINDIGO JONES, WHO LOVED MONEY MORE THAN HIS NATIVE SOUTH BEGAN TO EXECUTE THE PLAN HATCHED WITH THE CAPTAIN, WITH THE AID OF TWO CUT-THROATS AND A PASS KEY SUPPLIED BY THE CAPTAIN..."
"... HE ENTERED ALLARDICE'S CABIN, TO FIND THE CHEST'S GUARDIAN AWAKE AND ARMED!"
GOOD EVENING— AND ADIEU!
AGH-RR!
HERE'S THE SWAG, RINDIGO!
WITH MY DYING BREATH, I CURSE YOU! MAY YOUR ROTTEN SOUL HAUNT THE RIVER FOREVER, NEVER FINDING REST- NEVER FINDING THE GOLD YOU LOVE!
A CURSE! HOW QUAINT!
"AFTER PAYING THE CAPTAIN HIS SHARE OF THE LOOT, RINDIGO AND HIS COMPANIONS LOWERED A BOAT..."
WE CAN LIVE LIKE KINGS WITH THIS. DEVIL WITH THE WAR!
I'M AFRAID, RINDIGO. A DYING MAN'S CURSE—
ROT! KEEP ROWING AND SHUT UP!
"SUDDENLY A STORM CAME UP. THE STEAMBOAT FOUNDERED. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS!"
WHAT HAPPENED TO RINDIGO? NO ONE KNOWS. BUT THE LEGEND IS THAT HIS SOUL RETURNED TO HAUNT THE RIVER!

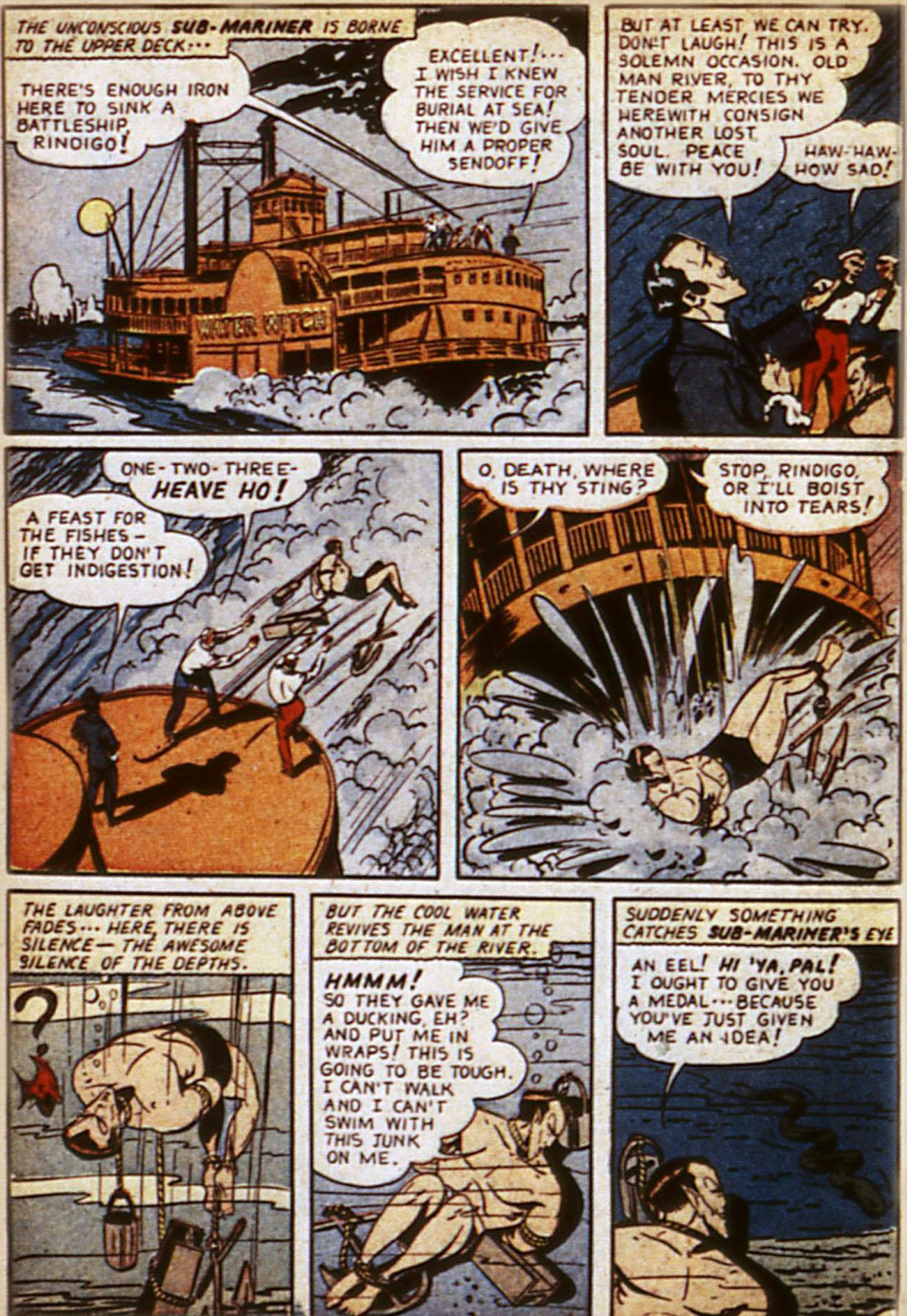

BY THE WAY, THE NAME OF THE STEAMBOAT WAS THE "WATER WITCH". PERHAPS YOU SAW HER WRECKAGE ON THE RIVER BANK.
I SAW THE "WATER WITCH" ALL RIGHT, BUT SHE WAS NOT A WRECK, BAKER! SHE WAS A FINE SIDE WHEELER AND SHE WAS HEADING UPRIVER AT FULL SPEED WHEN I RESCUED HOWARD
BETTER HAVE THE MEDICAL EXAMINER MAKE AN AUTOPSY. I'M CONVINCED THESE BULLET HOLES WERE MADE BY DERRINGERS OF THE TYPE USED BY RINDIGO JONES, THE LATE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER!
WHAT???
TAKING LEAVE OF THE PLANTATION OWNER, SUB-MARINER RACES TOWARD THE RIVER.
NOW TO FIND THE "WATER WITCH!"
I'LL HEAD SOUTH OF THE BEND, JUST TO MAKE SURE THE WRECK ISN'T THERE! EITHER BAKER WAS TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT, OR I'M NUTS!
THE WATER WITCH! AND LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR AGO I SAW IT MOVING ALONG AS CALM AS YOU PLEASE! A GHOST SHIP? WE'LL SEE!
WATER WITCH
A BIT TOO SUBSTANTIAL FOR A GHOST! WHAT'S THAT IN THE PILOT-HOUSE?
AS SUB-MARINER DRAWS NEARER THE PILOT-HOUSE, HIS EYES POP AND HE GASPS!
WOW! WHAT A PILOT!
WHAT A PILOT, INDEED! A TALL SKELETON, ITS BONY HANDS GRIPPING THE HELM, ITS JAWS SET IN A GRISLY GRIN AS IT SURVEYS THE NEWCOMER WITH EYELESS SOCKETS!


SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS! THINK I'LL GET A CLOSE-UP OF YOU, MR. BONES!
BUT AS SUB-MARINER STEPS TOWARD THE SILENT PILOT, SOMETHING GIVES WAY UNDER HIS FEET— A TRAP DOOR!
WOOOOPS!
DOWN GOES SUB-MARINER— THROUGH ANOTHER TRAP DOOR— AND STILL HE GOES DOWN!!!
SUB-MARINER STOPS... WITH A STUNNING CRASH ON THE THIRD DECK!
WELL, WELL, ARE YOU A MAN FROM MARS?
YEOWEE!
DAZEDLY, SUB-MARINER TURNS AT THE SOUND OF A SOFT VOICE, AND BEHOLDS A STRANGE SIGHT!
I'LL BE—! THAT FALL MUST HAVE KNOCKED ME OUT OF KILTER... OR AM I DREAMING?
YOU ARE NOT DREAMING, SUH. YOU ARE ON THE GOOD SHIP 'WATER WITCH'. BUT WHY?
I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION, OR IS THIS A SHOWBOAT? YOU LOOK LIKE AN ACTOR.
I AM NO ACTOR!
AS THE APPARITION TALKS IN A SOFT TONE, IT DOFFS ITS HAT AND MAKES A COURTLY BOW!
I AM RINDIGO JONES, THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, AT YOUR SERVICE!
I, RINDIGO JONES, AM DEAD—
BUNK! EVEN IF RINDIGO WERE ALIVE, HE'D BE MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!
THERE IS A LIGHTNING-FAST MOVEMENT AND IN THE HAND OF THE MAN FACING SUB-MARINER APPEARS A SMALL BUT DEADLY DERRINGER!
AND NOW, WHEN THIS DOUBLE-MOUTHED GUN OF MINE SPEAKS, YOU, TOO, WILL BE TRANSPORTED TO THE REALM OF DEATH! ADIEU!

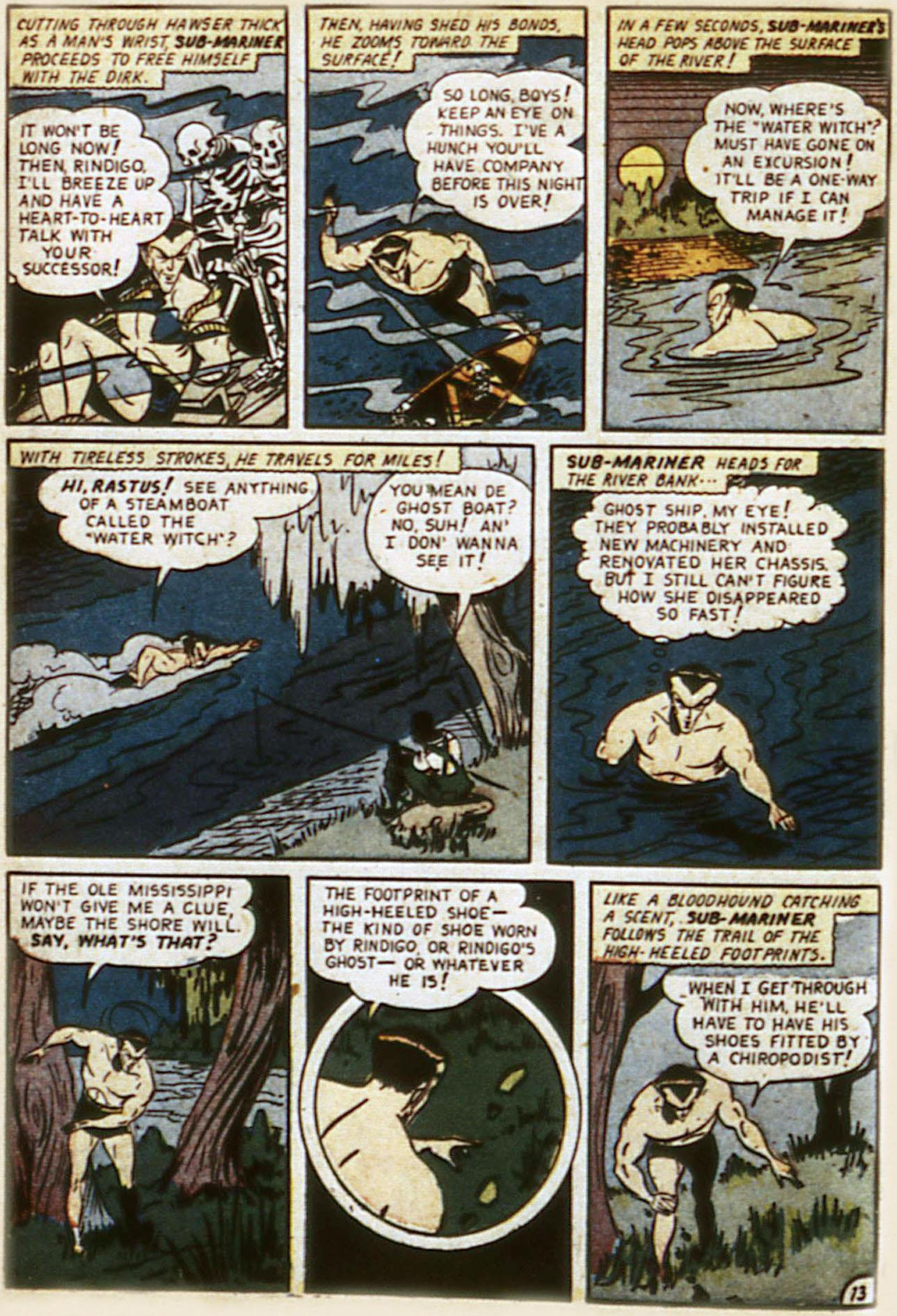

BOTH BARRELS OF RINDIGO'S GUN BARK, BUT SUB-MARINER'S FIST TALKS LOUDER THAN WORDS — OR GUNS!
YI-OW!
YOU SHOULD SHOOT FIRST... AND TALK AFTERWARD!
SOCK
RINDIGO TAKES A RUN-OUT POWDER AND HEADS FOR THE NEAREST COMPANIONWAY!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I MET A BASHFUL GHOST! OR ARE YOU JUST PUNCH-SHY, RINDIGO?
FOR A SPLIT SECOND, RINDIGO PAUSES AND HIS FOOT KICKS OFF THE TOP OF A STEP!
NOW WE'LL SEE IF HE'S STAIR-SHY!
SUB-MARINER'S FOOT HITS THE OPEN STEP - AND DROPS!
HEY! WOWEE!
SUB-MARINER HAS REASON TO HOWL, FOR BELOW THE STAIRCASE A STEEL TRAP WITH JAGGED JAWS BITES INTO HIS FOOT!
SNAP!
WITH A DESPERATE HEAVE, SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF BACKWARD! OUT COMES HIS FOOT, OUT COMES THE TRAP— BUT THE CHAIN BECOMES TAUT AND HE GOES DOWN!
OOOFFF!
FOR THE LAST TIME, FAREWELL!
SMILING THINLY, RINDIGO AIMS THE DERRINGER AT THE HELPLESS SUB-MARINER, AND PULLS BOTH TRIGGERS!
STUPID OF ME! I FORGOT TO RELOAD, BUT I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I GET MORE AMMUNITION. WAIT FOR ME, OLD FELLOW!
CLICK! CLICK!

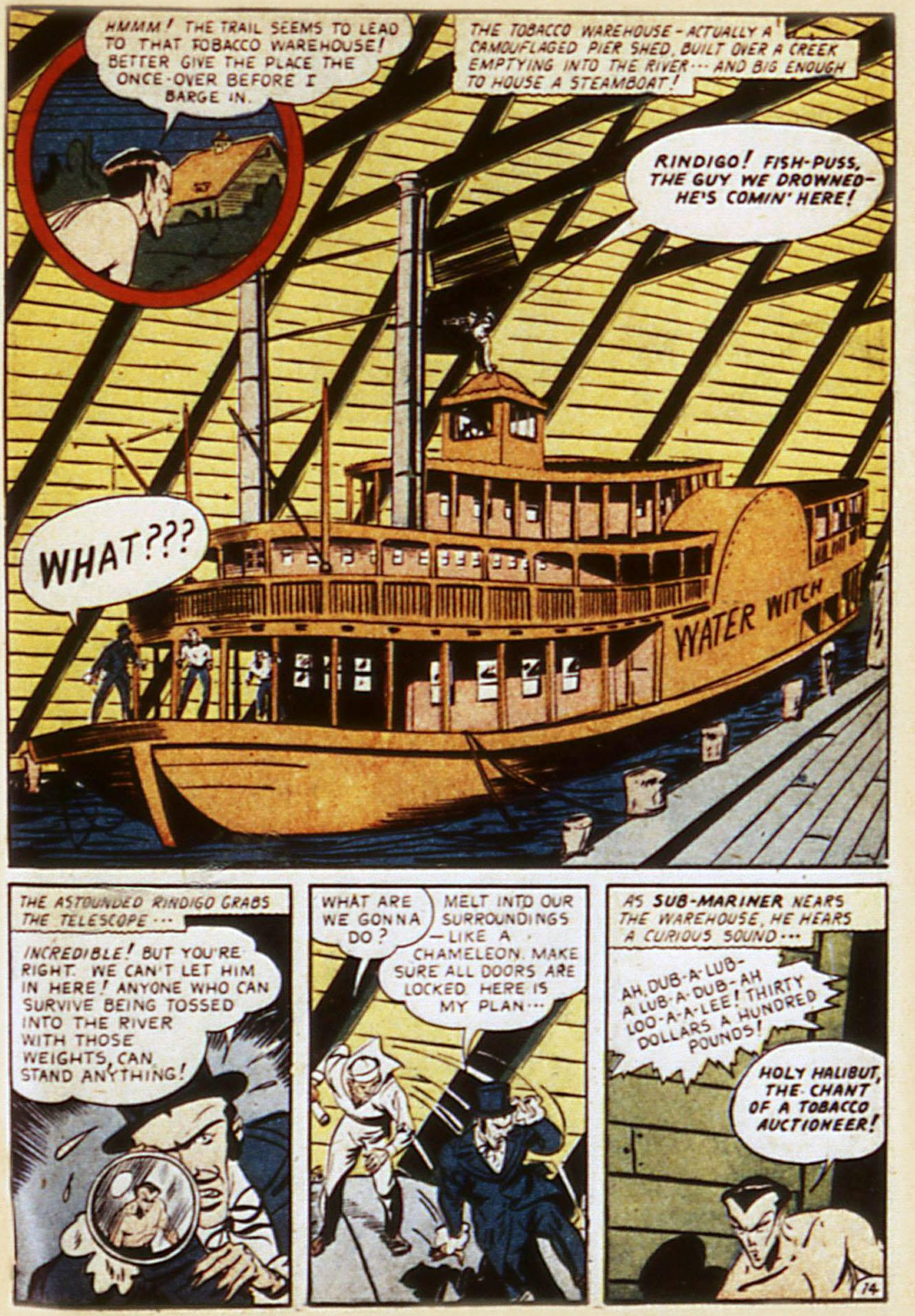

WHEN RINDIGO LEAVES, SUB-MARINER STRAINS EVERY MUSCLE TO FORCE OPEN THE VICIOUS JAWS OF THE TRAP!
AGAR-R-R-R- IT'S STARTING TO GIVE--
BUT THE SPRINGS OF THE TRAP ARE TOO POWERFUL FOR HIM··· THE RELENTLESS JAWS SNAP SHUT AGAIN!
E-E-E-YOW! NOW MY LEFT HAND'S CAUGHT, TOO! IF I ONLY HAD A WEDGE···
A WEDGE!... THAT SUGGESTS SOMETHING!
SEIZING ONE OF THE BANNISTER RAILS, SUB-MARINER GRITS HIS TEETH AND PULLS HARD!
GOT IT! NOW TO TRY TO FORCE IT BETWEEN THE JAWS OF THE TRAP!
CONCENTRATING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS WANING STRENGTH ON DRIVING THE RAIL BETWEEN THE JAWS···
AH!-- AT LAST!
MEANWHILE, RINDIGO REAPPEARS, HIS DERRINGER LOADED···
NOW-- WHAT TH-? HE'S GONE! SO IS THE TRAP! BUT THERE'S THE CHAIN, RUNNING INTO THAT DOORWAY!
WITH A THIN SMILE ON HIS LIPS, RINDIGO APPROACHES THE DOORWAY···
YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU COULDN'T GET FAR WITH THAT CHAIN ATTACHED TO THE TRAP, MEDDLER-- PREPARE FOR DEATH!
NUTS TO YOU!
WITH A SHARP CLICK, THE STEEL JAWS SNAP AROUND RINDIGO'S NECK!
AI-YI-H-H!


CHOKING, HIS FACE PURPLING, HIS TONGUE PROTRUDING, RINDIGO REACHES DESPERATELY INTO A POCKET...
GLUG-GLUG-AH-R-R-R-
THE KEY TO THE TRAP, EH?
I'LL TAKE THE KEY! BEFORE THAT TRAP OPENS, YOU'RE GOING TO TALK!
HOW-CAN-I-TALK-GLUG!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT. OKAY! STICK IN YOUR TONGUE! I'LL HAVE THIS OFF IN A SECOND!
AGHR-R-R-
THERE! NOW TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND START EXHALING THE TRUTH!
TH- THANKS! I- I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
BUT EVEN AS HE TALKS, THE TREACHEROUS RINDIGO REACHES STEALTHILY FOR A BUTTON IN THE BULKHEAD BEHIND HIM.
I- I KILLED HOWARD. I DIDN'T WANT SNOOPERS. BUT I DIDN'T LIE WHEN I SAID I WAS RINDIGO JONES...
AS RINDIGO PRESSES THE BUTTON, A BELL IN THE ENGINE ROOM RINGS OUT.
BONG! BONG! BONG!
OUT OF THE MUD! WE'RE GOING PLACES!
UP HEAVES THE STEAMBOAT, WITH SUCH A SUDDEN MOVEMENT THAT SUB-MARINER IS HURLED BACKWARD! BUT THE CRAFTY RINDIGO IS BRACED FOR IT!
THAT'S THAT! AS SOON AS WE GET INTO MID-STREAM, I'LL WRAP HIM IN THE IRON AND SEND HIM BACK WHERE HE BELONGS!
CRACK!

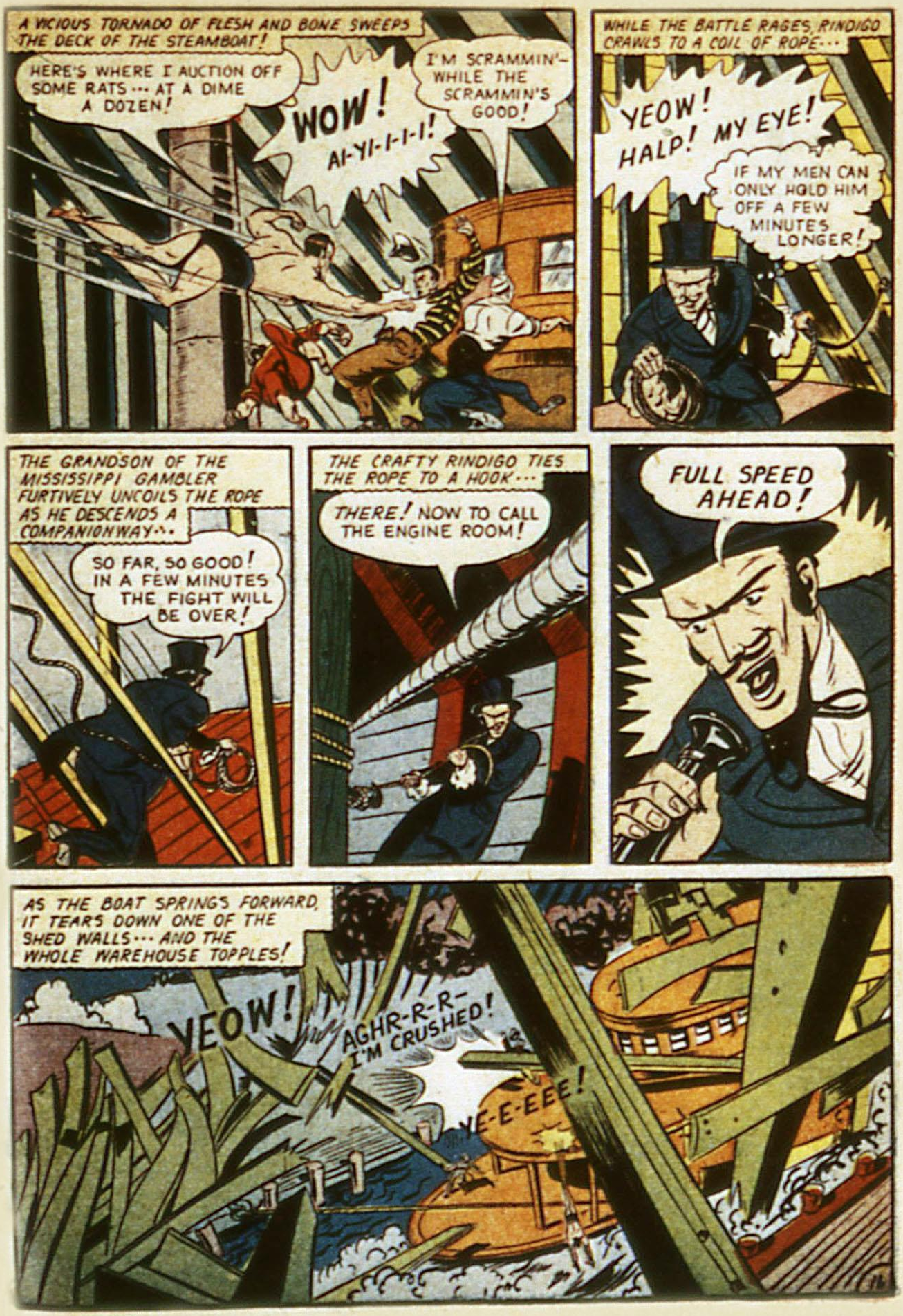

THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER IS BORNE TO THE UPPER DECK...
THERE'S ENOUGH IRON HERE TO SINK A BATTLESHIP, RINDIGO!
EXCELLENT!... I WISH I KNEW THE SERVICE FOR BURIAL AT SEA! THEN WE'D GIVE HIM A PROPER SENDOFF!
WATER WITCH
BUT AT LEAST WE CAN TRY. DON'T LAUGH! THIS IS A SOLEMN OCCASION. OLD MAN RIVER, TO THY TENDER MERCIES WE HEREWITH CONSIGN ANOTHER LOST SOUL. PEACE BE WITH YOU!
HAW-HAW-HOW SAD!
ONE-TWO-THREE-HEAVE HO!
A FEAST FOR THE FISHES- IF THEY DON'T GET INDIGESTION!
O, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?
STOP, RINDIGO, OR I'LL BOIST INTO TEARS!
THE LAUGHTER FROM ABOVE FADES... HERE, THERE IS SILENCE— THE AWESOME SILENCE OF THE DEPTHS.
?
BUT THE COOL WATER REVIVES THE MAN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER.
HMMM! SO THEY GAVE ME A DUCKING, EH? AND PUT ME IN WRAPS! THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGH. I CAN'T WALK AND I CAN'T SWIM WITH THIS JUNK ON ME.
SUDDENLY SOMETHING CATCHES SUB-MARINER'S EYE
AN EEL! HI 'YA, PAL! I OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A MEDAL... BECAUSE YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

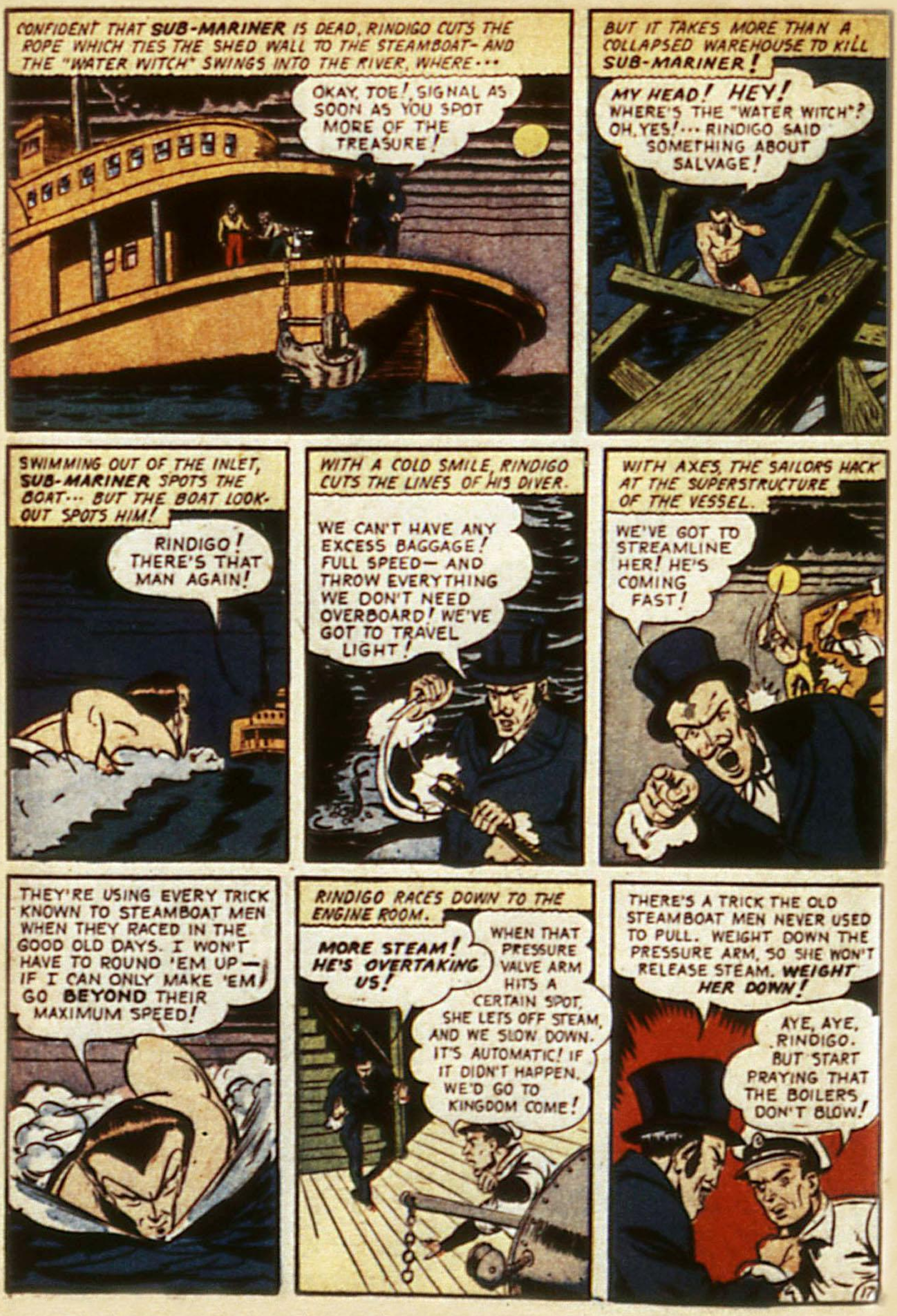
SUB-MARINER STARTS WRIGGLING!
THE HUMAN EEL! NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO DO THE HULA-HULA TO GET OUT OF A SPOT!
WOW, IS IT MUDDY! I OUGHT TO FIND THE SHORE SOME DAY— IF I DON'T WIND UP IN FLATBUSH! WHICH REMINDS ME··· HOW ARE THE DODGERS DOING?
BUT SUDDENLY, ALL THOUGHTS OF MUD AND BASEBALL ARE KNOCKED OUT OF SUB-MARINER'S HEAD BY A COLLISION WITH SOMETHING HARD!
YEOW!
WATER WITCH
WHAT HO! A ROWBOAT WITH THE NAME "WATER WITCH" ON IT. NOW, WHO WOULD GO FOR A ROW DOWN HERE?
WATER WITCH
WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT, HE GRABS THE SIDE OF THE BOAT AND PULLS HIMSELF UPWARD! A STRANGE SIGHT GREETS HIS EYES!
THREE MEN IN A BOAT! WELL, BOYS, SAY SOMETHING. THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS INVITE ME IN!
WATER
HMMMM! I'LL BET ALL MY CHANCES OF SEEING FLATBUSH AGAIN THAT THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE DERRINGER IS THE ORIGINAL RINDIGO JONES! THE OTHER TWO MUST BE HIS CUT-THROATS!
IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW. THE STORM THAT SANK THE "WATER WITCH" MUST HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH RINDIGO. THE CURRENT PROBABLY PICKED UP THE TREASURE CHEST AND GAVE IT A RIDE!
SUB-MARINER MANAGES TO RAISE HIMSELF TO FULL HEIGHT··· THEN DROPS INTO THE BOAT.
YOUR DERRINGER'S NO GOOD TO ME, RINDIGO. BUT I THINK I CAN USE YOUR PAL'S DIRK!

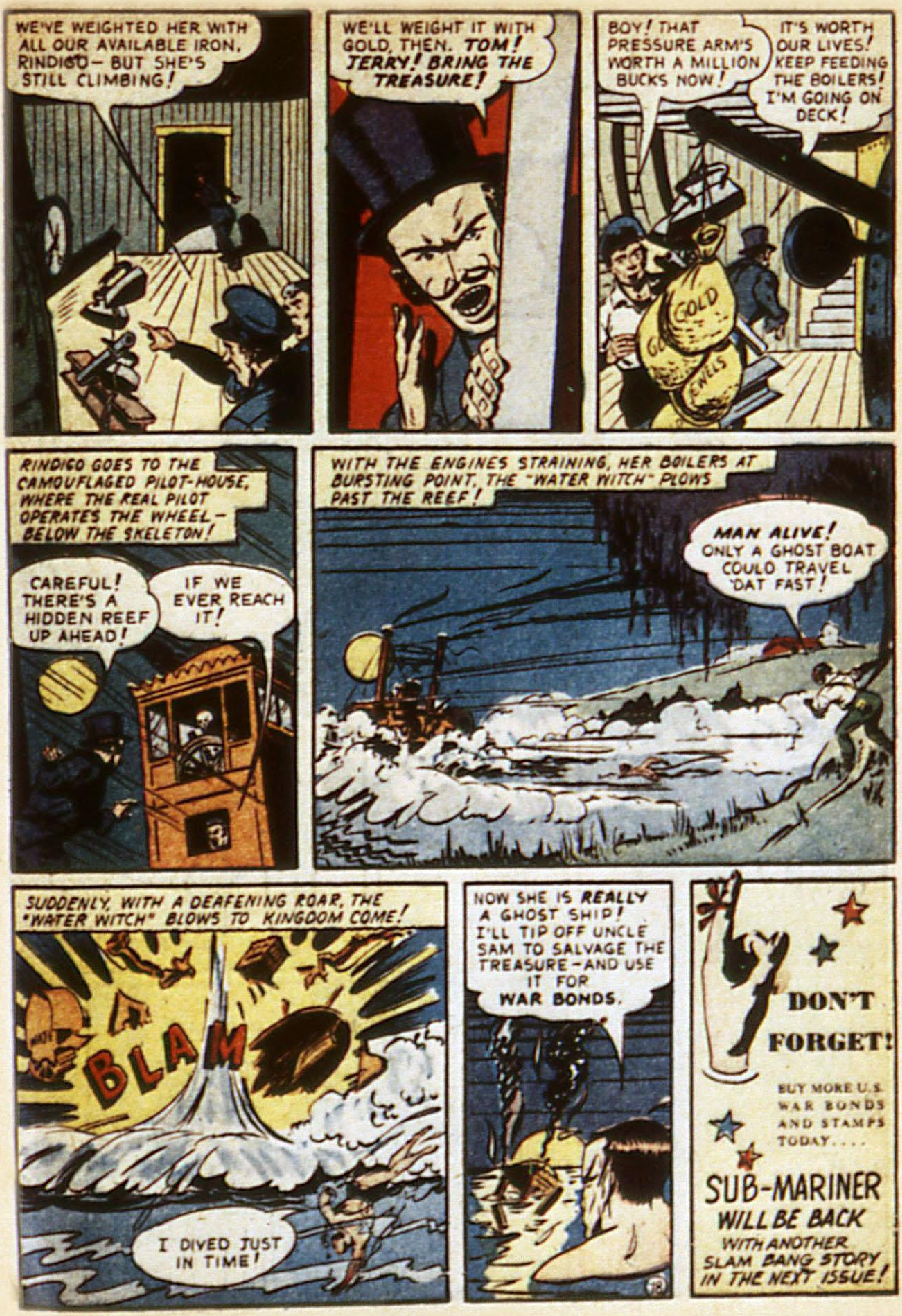

CUTTING THROUGH HAWSER THICK AS A MAN'S WRIST, SUB-MARINER PROCEEDS TO FREE HIMSELF WITH THE DIRK.
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! THEN, RINDIGO, I'LL BREEZE UP AND HAVE A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH YOUR SUCCESSOR!
THEN, HAVING SHED HIS BONDS, HE ZOOMS TOWARD THE SURFACE!
SO LONG, BOYS! KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS. I'VE A HUNCH YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER!
IN A FEW SECONDS, SUB-MARINER'S HEAD POPS ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER!
NOW, WHERE'S THE "WATER WITCH"? MUST HAVE GONE ON AN EXCURSION! IT'LL BE A ONE-WAY TRIP IF I CAN MANAGE IT!
WITH TIRELESS STROKES, HE TRAVELS FOR MILES!
HI, RASTUS! SEE ANYTHING OF A STEAMBOAT CALLED THE "WATER WITCH"?
YOU MEAN DE GHOST BOAT? NO, SUH! AN' I DON' WANNA SEE IT!
SUB-MARINER HEADS FOR THE RIVER BANK...
GHOST SHIP, MY EYE! THEY PROBABLY INSTALLED NEW MACHINERY AND RENOVATED HER CHASSIS. BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HOW SHE DISAPPEARED SO FAST!
IF THE OLE MISSISSIPPI WON'T GIVE ME A CLUE, MAYBE THE SHORE WILL. SAY, WHAT'S THAT?
THE FOOTPRINT OF A HIGH-HEELED SHOE— THE KIND OF SHOE WORN BY RINDIGO, OR RINDIGO'S GHOST— OR WHATEVER HE IS!
LIKE A BLOODHOUND CATCHING A SCENT, SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF THE HIGH-HEELED FOOTPRINTS.
WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM, HE'LL HAVE TO HAVE HIS SHOES FITTED BY A CHIROPODIST!

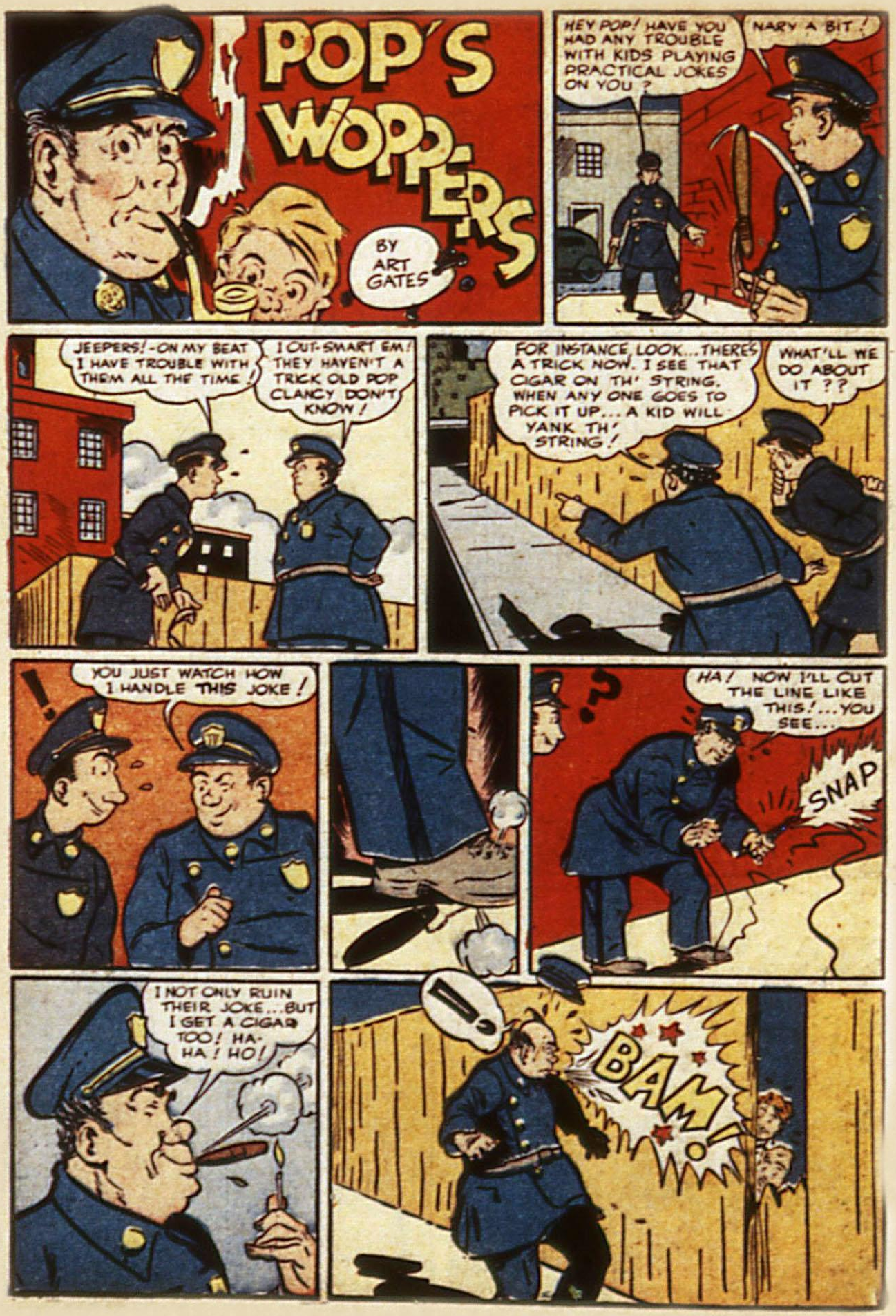

HMMM! THE TRAIL SEEMS TO LEAD TO THAT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE! BETTER GIVE THE PLACE THE ONCE-OVER BEFORE I BARGE IN.
THE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE - ACTUALLY A CAMOUFLAGED PIER SHED, BUILT OVER A CREEK EMPTYING INTO THE RIVER... AND BIG ENOUGH TO HOUSE A STEAMBOAT!
RINDIGO! FISH-PUSS, THE GUY WE DROWNED- HE'S COMIN' HERE!
WHAT???
WATER WITCH
THE ASTOUNDED RINDIGO GRABS THE TELESCOPE...
INCREDIBLE! BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. WE CAN'T LET HIM IN HERE! ANYONE WHO CAN SURVIVE BEING TOSSED INTO THE RIVER WITH THOSE WEIGHTS, CAN STAND ANYTHING!
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
MELT INTO OUR SURROUNDINGS —LIKE A CHAMELEON. MAKE SURE ALL DOORS ARE LOCKED. HERE IS MY PLAN...
AS SUB-MARINER NEARS THE WAREHOUSE, HE HEARS A CURIOUS SOUND...
AH, DUB-A-LUB-A LUB-A-DUB-AH LOO-A-LEE! THIRTY DOLLARS A HUNDRED POUNDS!
HOLY HALIBUT, THE CHANT OF A TOBACCO AUCTIONEER!
14

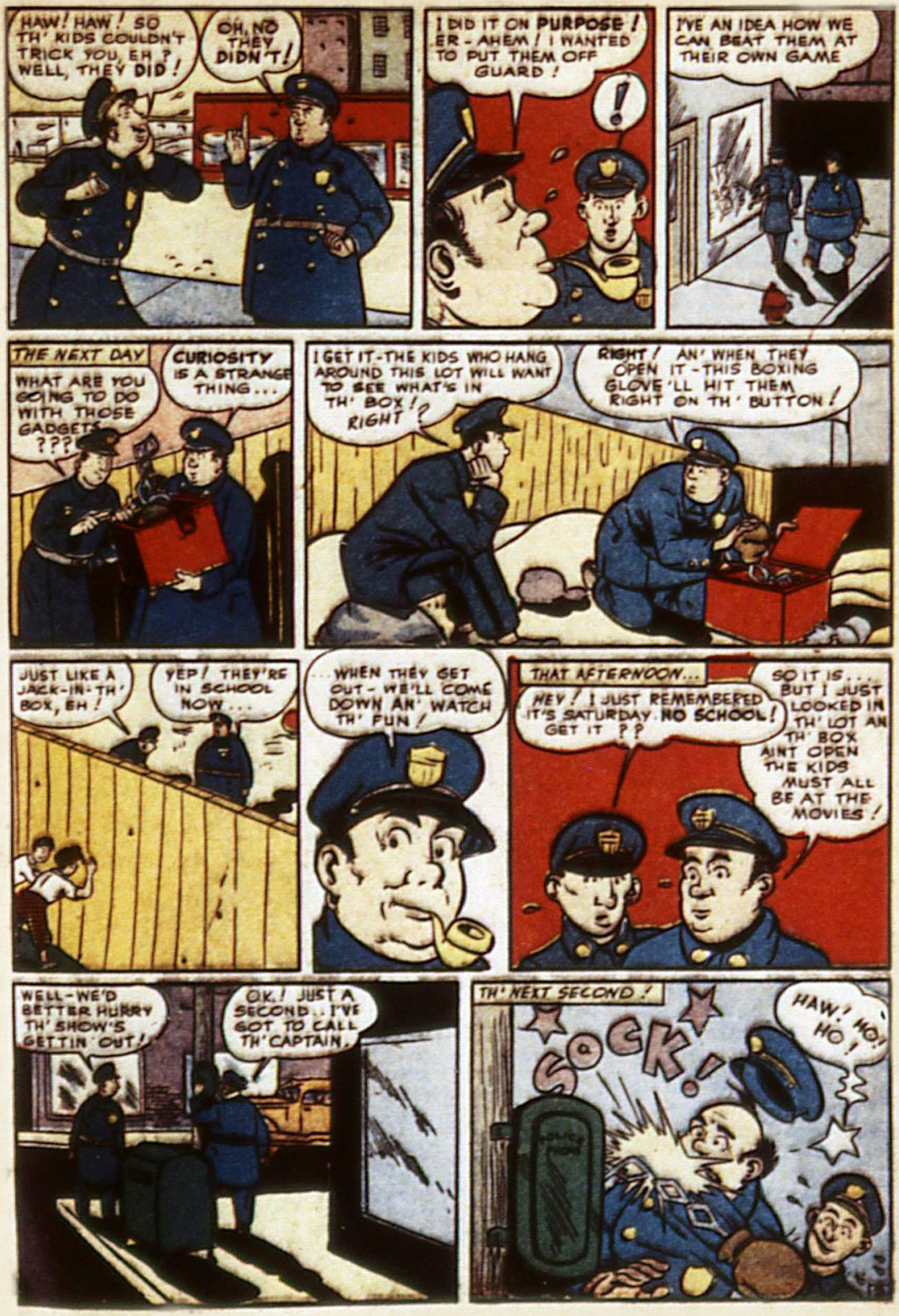
WHAT AM I BID? A-DUB-A-LUB-A-LUB-A-DUB-FORTY DOLLARS A HUNDRED!
RATHER LATE FOR AN AUCTION, BUT MAYBE BUSINESS IS GOOD. GUESS I BLUNDERED INTO SOMETHING!
THOSE HIGH-HEELED PRINTS WERE PROBABLY A DAME'S. IN THIS DAY AND AGE, WITH A WAR GOING ON, I'LL BET THERE'S MORE THAN ONE FEMALE TOBACCO CHANTER!
INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE...
A-LOO-A LEE-A-DUB-
DAT'S BETTER DAN DE GUY ON DE RADIO! OLE MACKERAL-MUG IS GOIN'.
SOLD AT FORTY A HUNDRED!
SAY-THAT VOICE SOUNDED FAMILIAR-AND IT'S A STRANGE COINCIDENCE THE AUCTION SHOULD START JUST WHEN I'M APPROACHING THE PLACE!
SUB-MARINER TURNS AND STEALTHILY CREEPS TOWARD THE WAREHOUSE!
RINDIGO MAY HAVE SPOTTED ME AND PUT ON AN ACT-WE'LL SEE!
IT'S STILL DARK, BOYS. SUPPOSE WE PLAY GHOST AND SEE IF WE CAN PICK UP SOME MORE OF THE TREASURE LEFT BY MY LATE, LAMENTED GRANDFATHER.
AYE, AYE!
ALL HANDS TO STATIONS! A FEW MORE NIGHTS OF SCARING THE NATIVES OFF THE RIVER, WHILE WE SALVAGE THE TREASURE, AND WE'LL LIVE THE LIFE OF REILLY!
RINDIGO! LOOK!
LOOK AGAIN—. BECAUSE THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE GOING TO SEE STARS!

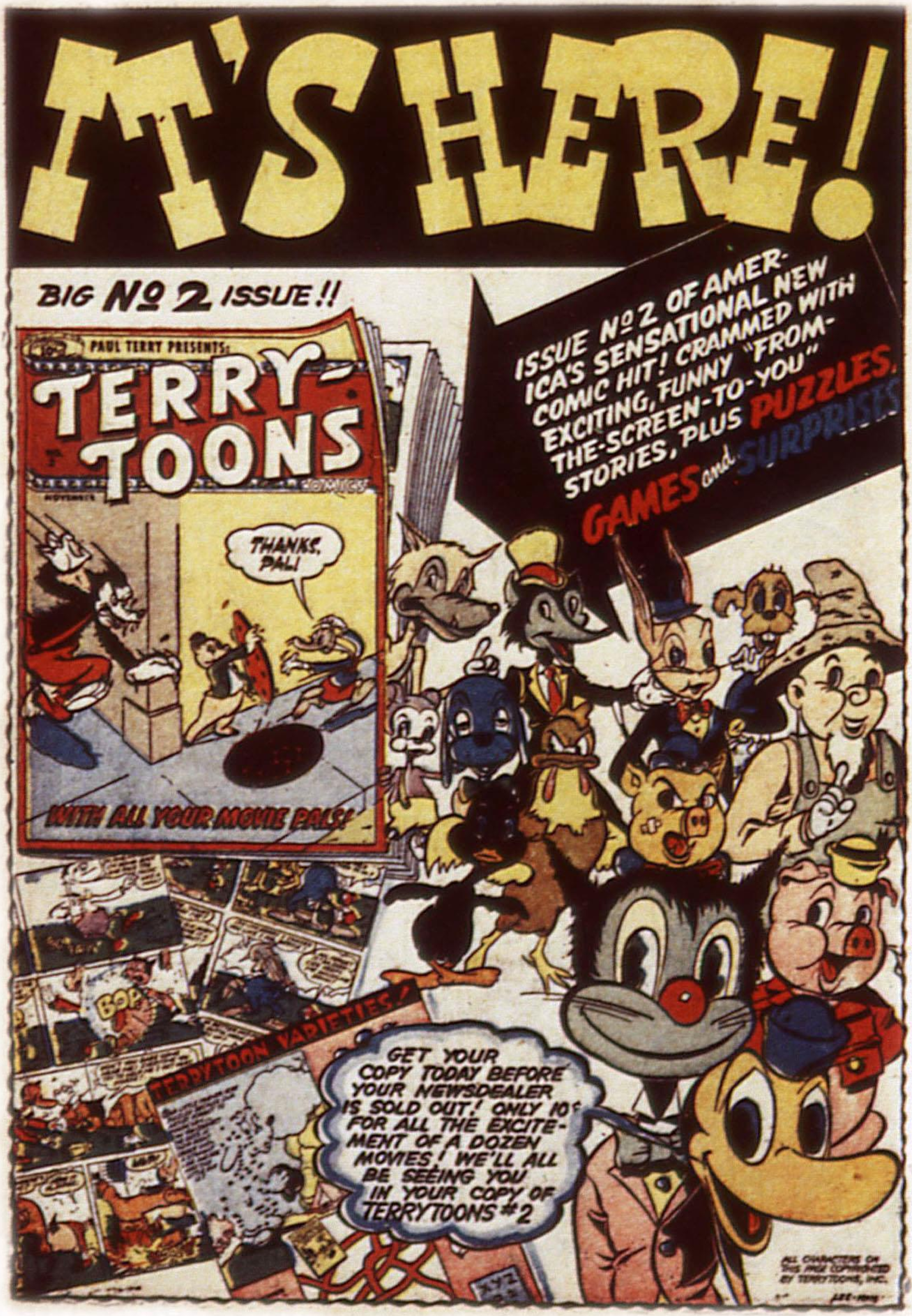

A VICIOUS TORNADO OF FLESH AND BONE SWEEPS THE DECK OF THE STEAMBOAT!
HERE'S WHERE I AUCTION OFF SOME RATS ··· AT A DIME A DOZEN!
WOW! AI-YI-I-I-I!
I'M SCRAMMIN'- WHILE THE SCRAMMIN'S GOOD!
WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES, RINDIGO CRAWLS TO A COIL OF ROPE···
YEOW! HALP! MY EYE!
IF MY MEN CAN ONLY HOLD HIM OFF A FEW MINUTES LONGER!
THE GRANDSON OF THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER FURTIVELY UNCOILS THE ROPE AS HE DESCENDS A COMPANIONWAY···
SO FAR, SO GOOD! IN A FEW MINUTES THE FIGHT WILL BE OVER!
THE CRAFTY RINDIGO TIES THE ROPE TO A HOOK···
THERE! NOW TO CALL THE ENGINE ROOM!
FULL SPEED AHEAD!
AS THE BOAT SPRINGS FORWARD, IT TEARS DOWN ONE OF THE SHED WALLS··· AND THE WHOLE WAREHOUSE TOPPLES!
YEOW!
AGHR-R-R- I'M CRUSHED!
YE-E-EEE!

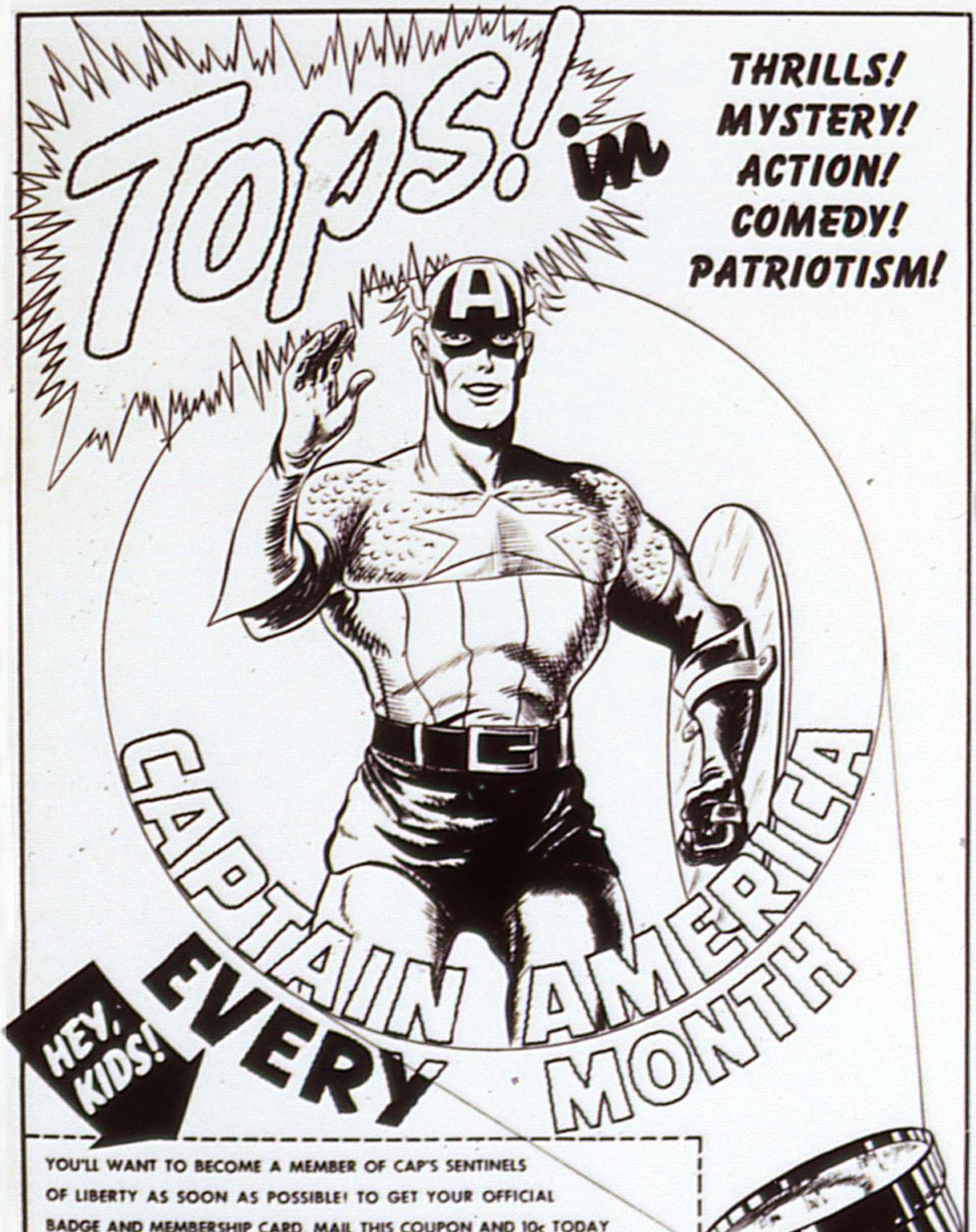

CONFIDENT THAT **SUB-MARINER** IS DEAD, RINDIGO CUTS THE ROPE WHICH TIES THE SHED WALL TO THE STEAMBOAT– AND THE "WATER WITCH" SWINGS INTO THE RIVER, WHERE···
OKAY, JOE! SIGNAL AS SOON AS YOU SPOT MORE OF THE TREASURE!
BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN A COLLAPSED WAREHOUSE TO KILL **SUB-MARINER**!
MY HEAD! HEY! WHERE'S THE "WATER WITCH"? OH, YES!··· RINDIGO SAID SOMETHING ABOUT SALVAGE!
SWIMMING OUT OF THE INLET, **SUB-MARINER** SPOTS THE BOAT··· BUT THE BOAT LOOK-OUT SPOTS HIM!
RINDIGO! THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN!
WITH A COLD SMILE, RINDIGO CUTS THE LINES OF HIS DIVER.
WE CAN'T HAVE ANY EXCESS BAGGAGE! FULL SPEED— AND THROW EVERYTHING WE DON'T NEED OVERBOARD! WE'VE GOT TO TRAVEL LIGHT!
WITH AXES, THE SAILORS HACK AT THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE VESSEL.
WE'VE GOT TO STREAMLINE HER! HE'S COMING FAST!
THEY'RE USING EVERY TRICK KNOWN TO STEAMBOAT MEN WHEN THEY RACED IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS. I WON'T HAVE TO ROUND 'EM UP— IF I CAN ONLY MAKE 'EM GO **BEYOND** THEIR MAXIMUM SPEED!
RINDIGO RACES DOWN TO THE ENGINE ROOM.
**MORE STEAM! HE'S OVERTAKING US!**
WHEN THAT PRESSURE VALVE ARM HITS A CERTAIN SPOT, SHE LETS OFF STEAM, AND WE SLOW DOWN. IT'S AUTOMATIC! IF IT DIDN'T HAPPEN, WE'D GO TO KINGDOM COME!
THERE'S A TRICK THE OLD STEAMBOAT MEN NEVER USED TO PULL. WEIGHT DOWN THE PRESSURE ARM, SO SHE WON'T RELEASE STEAM. **WEIGHT HER DOWN!**
AYE, AYE, RINDIGO. BUT START PRAYING THAT THE BOILERS DON'T BLOW!


WE'VE WEIGHTED HER WITH ALL OUR AVAILABLE IRON, RINDIGO — BUT SHE'S STILL CLIMBING!
WE'LL WEIGHT IT WITH GOLD, THEN. TOM! JERRY! BRING THE TREASURE!
BOY! THAT PRESSURE ARM'S WORTH A MILLION BUCKS NOW!
IT'S WORTH OUR LIVES! KEEP FEEDING THE BOILERS! I'M GOING ON DECK!
GOLD
GO
JEWELS
RINDIGO GOES TO THE CAMOUFLAGED PILOT-HOUSE, WHERE THE REAL PILOT OPERATES THE WHEEL — BELOW THE SKELETON!
CAREFUL! THERE'S A HIDDEN REEF UP AHEAD!
IF WE EVER REACH IT!
WITH THE ENGINES STRAINING, HER BOILERS AT BURSTING POINT, THE "WATER WITCH" PLOWS PAST THE REEF!
MAN ALIVE! ONLY A GHOST BOAT COULD TRAVEL 'DAT FAST!
SUDDENLY, WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE "WATER WITCH" BLOWS TO KINGDOM COME!
BLAM
I DIVED JUST IN TIME!
NOW SHE IS REALLY A GHOST SHIP! I'LL TIP OFF UNCLE SAM TO SALVAGE THE TREASURE — AND USE IT FOR WAR BONDS.
DON'T FORGET!
BUY MORE U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY....
SUB-MARINER WILL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER SLAM BANG STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE!


POP'S WOPPERS
BY ART GATES
HEY POP! HAVE YOU HAD ANY TROUBLE WITH KIDS PLAYING PRACTICAL JOKES ON YOU ?
NARY A BIT !
JEEPERS! -ON MY BEAT I HAVE TROUBLE WITH THEM ALL THE TIME !
I OUT-SMART EM! THEY HAVEN'T A TRICK OLD POP CLANCY DON'T KNOW!
FOR INSTANCE, LOOK... THERE'S A TRICK NOW. I SEE THAT CIGAR ON TH' STRING. WHEN ANY ONE GOES TO PICK IT UP... A KID WILL YANK TH' STRING!
WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT IT ??
!
YOU JUST WATCH HOW I HANDLE THIS JOKE !
?
HA! NOW I'LL CUT THE LINE LIKE THIS!... YOU SEE...
SNAP
I NOT ONLY RUIN THEIR JOKE... BUT I GET A CIGAR TOO! HA-HA! HO!
!
BAM!


HAW! HAW! SO TH' KIDS COULDN'T TRICK YOU, EH ? WELL, THEY DID!
OH, NO THEY DIDN'T!
I DID IT ON PURPOSE! ER-AHEM! I WANTED TO PUT THEM OFF GUARD!
!
I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN BEAT THEM AT THEIR OWN GAME
THE NEXT DAY
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THOSE GADGETS ???
CURIOSITY IS A STRANGE THING...
I GET IT-THE KIDS WHO HANG AROUND THIS LOT WILL WANT TO SEE WHAT'S IN TH' BOX! RIGHT?
RIGHT! AN' WHEN THEY OPEN IT-THIS BOXING GLOVE'LL HIT THEM RIGHT ON TH' BUTTON!
JUST LIKE A JACK-IN-TH' BOX, EH!
YEP! THEY'RE IN SCHOOL NOW...
...WHEN THEY GET OUT-WE'LL COME DOWN AN' WATCH TH' FUN!
THAT AFTERNOON...
HEY! I JUST REMEMBERED IT'S SATURDAY. NO SCHOOL! GET IT ??
SO IT IS... BUT I JUST LOOKED IN TH' LOT AN TH' BOX AINT OPEN THE KIDS MUST ALL BE AT THE MOVIES!
WELL-WE'D BETTER HURRY TH' SHOW'S GETTIN' OUT!
O.K.! JUST A SECOND.. I'VE GOT TO CALL TH' CAPTAIN.
TH' NEXT SECOND!
SOCK!
HAW! HO! HO!


IT'S HERE!
BIG Nº 2 ISSUE!!
ISSUE Nº 2 OF AMERICA'S SENSATIONAL NEW COMIC HIT! CRAMMED WITH EXCITING, FUNNY "FROM-THE-SCREEN-TO-YOU" STORIES, PLUS PUZZLES, GAMES and SURPRISES
PAUL TERRY PRESENTS:
TERRY-TOONS
COMICS
THANKS, PAL!
WITH ALL YOUR MOVIE PALS!
BOP
TERRYTOON VARIETIES!
GET YOUR COPY TODAY BEFORE YOUR NEWSDEALER IS SOLD OUT! ONLY 10¢ FOR ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF A DOZEN MOVIES! WE'LL ALL BE SEEING YOU IN YOUR COPY OF TERRYTOONS #2
ALL CHARACTERS ON THIS PAGE COPYRIGHTED BY TERRYTOONS, INC.


TOPS! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY MONTH

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY AND STATE____________________

# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT

***Send Coupon***
***Don't Pay Until Relieved***

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

## BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

## DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medecine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

## DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

## H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

M.C

**GORE PRODUCTS, INC.**
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________ STATE __________